BEGINNING—A NEW NOVEL OF DANGEROUS ROMANCE

WOMAN IN THE DARK BY **DASHIELL HAMMETT**

APR. 8,
1933

Liberty

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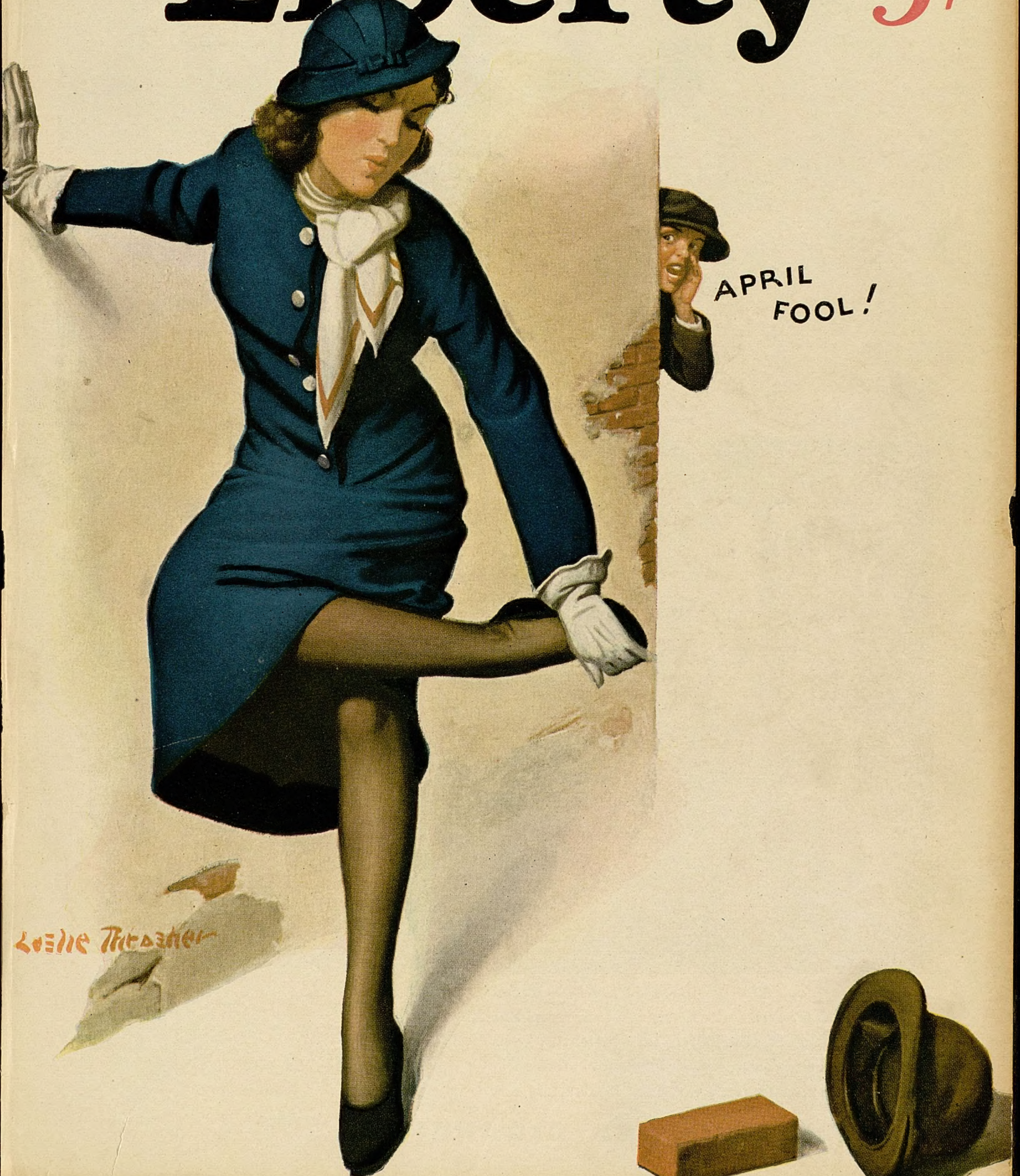
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Leslie Thrasher

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America's Best Read Weekly

APRIL 8, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 14

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

"LET US HAVE PEACE," SAID THE GARDEN WORMS

"There was consternation in the camp," says an allegorical tale of wormland. The wuzzy-fuzzy caterpillar, the slickery, slimy ones that make such tempting bait for fishermen, were up in arms. Their numbers were rapidly diminishing.

So they decided to have a conference.

They were all peacefully inclined. Nature had denied them worth-while weapons of defense and offense. But it was their misfortune to live in a chicken yard.

Their conference was greatly prolonged, and after much heated debate in worm fashion they concluded that they would appoint a committee to confer with their enemies the chickens. This committee would appeal to their higher instincts, their conscience and better judgment. They would try to present an argument that would convince them of the error of their ways.

Now, the committee was well armed with logic, but they could not talk the chicken language. They were gobbled up in short order.

Chicken yards are dangerous places for worms.

And unprotected nations in a world where armaments are popular are similarly situated, and they can look forward to but one end—the subservience of slavery, or national oblivion, or both.

Every intelligent citizen condemns war. It is folly at the very best. There is no excuse for it—except when it is absolutely necessary for protection from a belligerent and warlike people.

If all the nations of the world could agree to scrap their armament, peace would then be possible. But just as long as one nation is given over to the questionable glamour of war, every other nation has to be ready to fight for self-protection.

The atrocities of grim warfare harden the hearts and sear the souls of men. Wholesale murder then becomes a business; it is reduced to a science. Even the Garden of Eden could be turned into an inferno with shrieking shells and whistling bullets.

War brings out the very worst phase of human nature: And after we have spent years training men for this horrible business, we have the audacity to think that after the declaration of peace all will be forgotten.

There may be some strong characters who can thrust the horrors of such a conflict in the background, but its deteriorating influence upon ordinary humans can never be entirely effaced.

After fully and freely admitting these terrifying facts, still, when we hear the arguments of the peace-at-any-price advocates —those who unquestioningly condemn war under any and all circumstances—we are reminded of this allegorical tale, the peace conference of the garden worms.

It is just about as difficult to awaken the conscience of a nation entirely submerged in the glorification of war as it would be for these crawling creatures to appeal effectively to hungry chickens. It would be about as sensible to try to appease the anger of a roaring, hungry lion with an intelligent argument. He would not understand; death-dealing bullets speak the only language that can stop him.

And identically the same argument has to be used with war-maddened nations.

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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Beginning—

Woman *in the* Dark

A New Novel of Dangerous Romance

By

DASHIELL HAMMETT

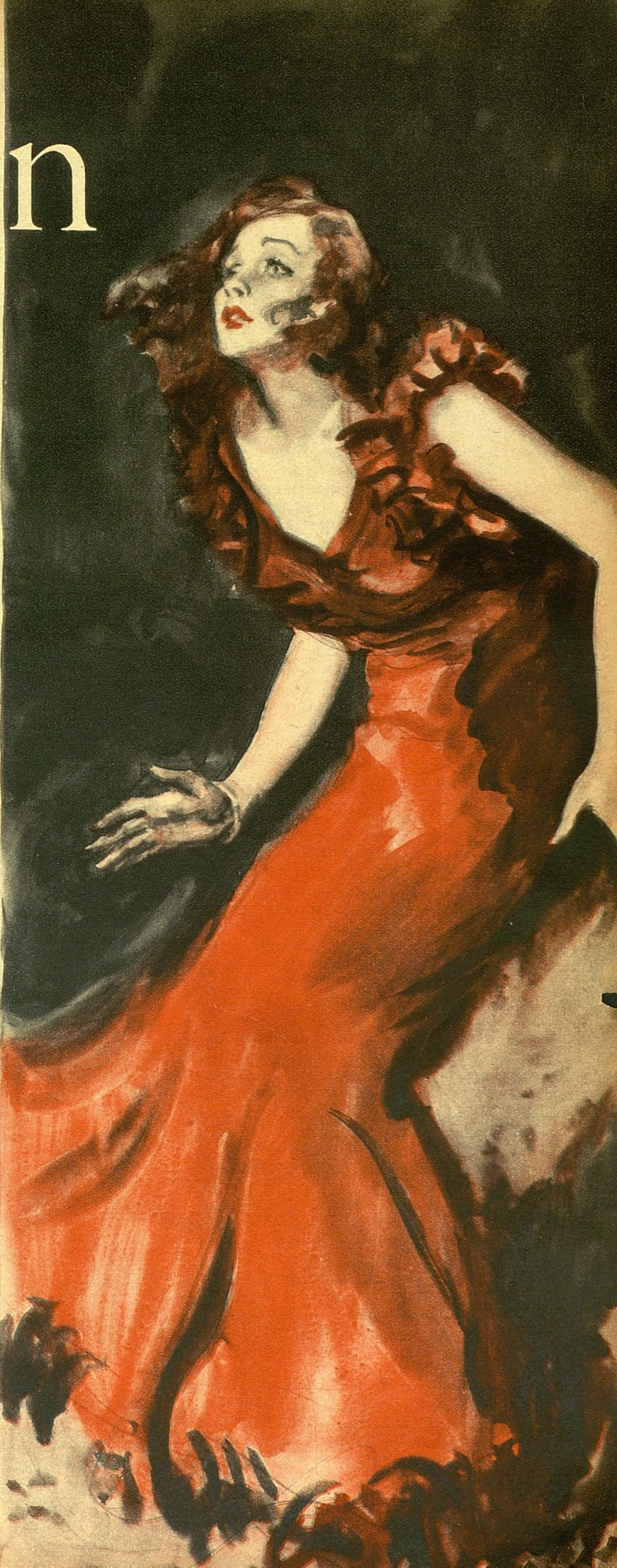
Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 29 minutes 55 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE FLIGHT

HER right ankle turned under her and she fell. The wind blowing downhill from the south, whipping the trees beside the road, made a whisper of her exclamation and snatched her scarf away into the darkness. She sat up slowly, palms on the gravel pushing her up, and twisted her body sidewise to release the leg bent beneath her.

Her right slipper lay in the road close to her feet. When she put it on she found its heel was missing. She peered around, then began to hunt for the heel, hunting on hands and knees uphill into the wind, wincing a little when her right knee touched the road. Presently she gave it up and tried to break the heel off her left slipper, but could not. She replaced the slipper and rose with her back to the wind, leaning back against the wind's violence and the road's steep sloping. Her gown clung to her back, flew fluttering out before her. Hair lashed her cheeks. Walking high on the ball of her right foot to make up for the missing heel, she hobbled on down the hill.



Her gown clung to her back, flew fluttering out before her. Hair lashed her cheeks.

At the bottom of the hill there was a wooden bridge, and, a hundred yards beyond, a sign that could not be read in the darkness marked a fork in the road. She halted there, not looking at the sign but around her, shivering now, though the wind had less force than it had had on the hill. Foliage to her left moved to show and hide yellow light. She took the left-hand fork.

In a little while she came to a gap in the bushes beside the road and sufficient light to show a path running off the road through the gap. The light came from the thinly curtained window of a house at the other end of the path.

She went up the path to the door and knocked. When there was no answer she knocked again.

A hoarse unemotional masculine voice said: " Come in."

She put her hand on the latch; hesitated. No sound came from within the house. Outside the wind was noisy everywhere. She knocked once more, gently.

The voice said exactly as before: " Come in."

SHE opened the door. The wind blew it in sharply, her hold on the latch dragging her with it so that she had to cling to the door with both hands to keep from falling. The wind went past her into the room, to balloon curtains and scatter the sheets of a newspaper that had been on a table. She forced the door shut and, still leaning against it, said: " I am sorry." She took pains with her words to make them clear notwithstanding her accent.

The man cleaning a pipe at the hearth said: " It's all right." His copperish eyes were as impersonal as his hoarse voice. " I'll be through in a minute." He did not rise from his chair. The edge of the knife in his hand rasped inside the brier bowl of his pipe.

She left the door and came forward, limping, examining him with perplexed eyes under brows drawn a little together. She was a tall woman and carried herself proudly, for all she was lame and the wind had tousled her hair and the gravel of the road had cut and dirtied her hands and bare arms and the red crêpe of her gown.

She said, still taking pains with her words: " I must go to the railroad. I have hurt my ankle on the road. Eh? "

He looked up from his work then. His sallow, heavily featured face, under coarse hair nearly the color of his eyes, was definitely neither hostile nor friendly. He looked at the woman's face, at her torn skirt. He did not turn his head to call: " Hey, Evelyn."

A girl—slim maturing body in tan sport clothes, slender sunburned face with dark bright eyes and dark short hair—came into the room through a doorway behind him.

The man did not look around at her. He nodded at the woman in red and said: " This—"

The woman interrupted him: " My name is Luise Fischer."

The man said: " She's got a bum leg."

Evelyn's dark prying eyes shifted their focus from the woman to the man—she could not see his face—and to the woman again. She smiled, speaking hurriedly: " I'm just leaving. I can drop you at Mile Valley on my way home."

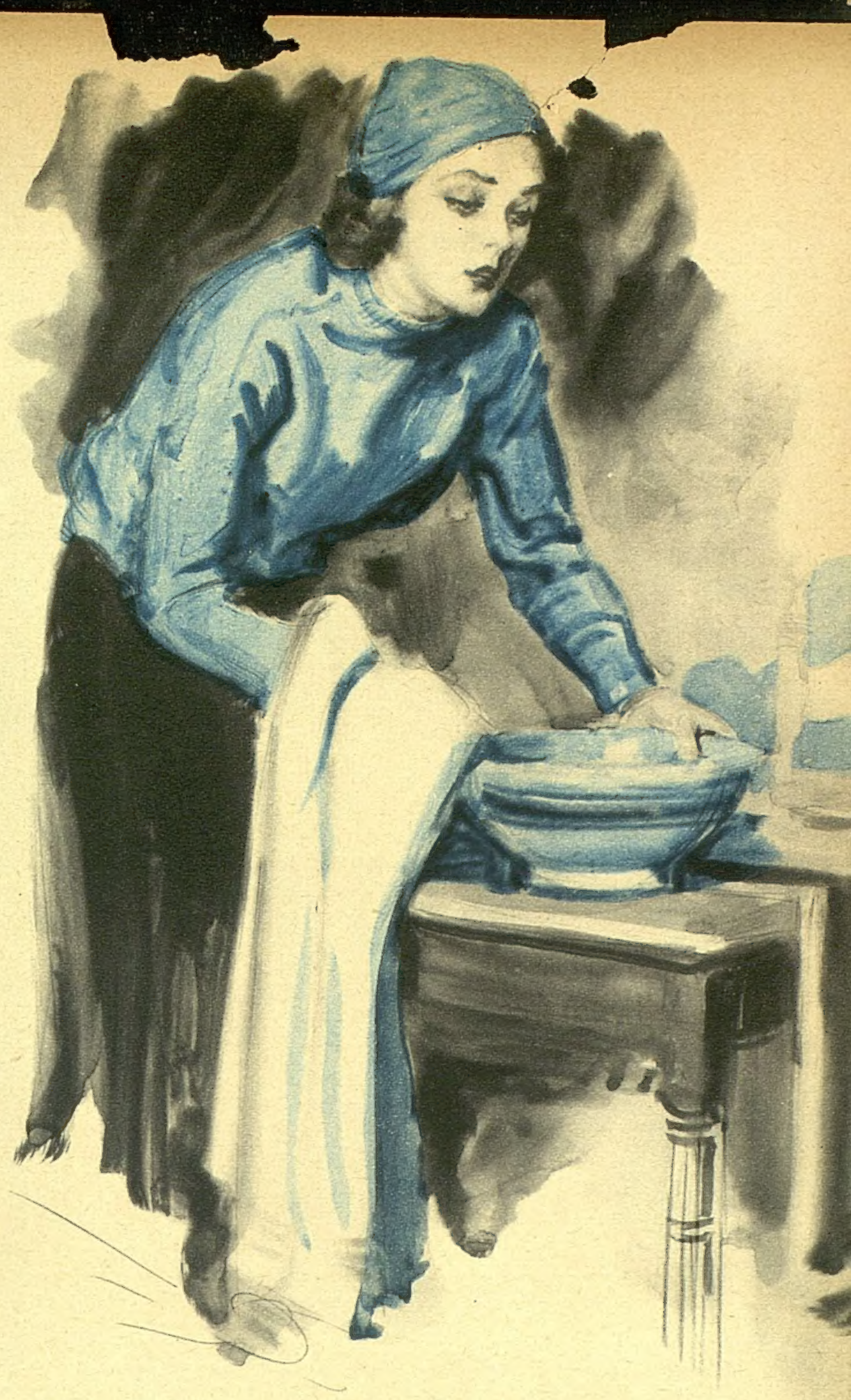
The woman seemed about to smile. Under her curious gaze Evelyn suddenly blushed and her face became defiant while it reddened. The girl was pretty. Facing her the woman had become beautiful; her eyes were long, heavily lashed, set well apart under a smooth broad brow, her mouth was not small but sensitively carved and mobile, and in the light from the open fire the surfaces of her face were as clearly defined as sculptured planes.

The man blew through his pipe, forcing out a small cloud of black powder. " No use hurrying," he said. " There's no train till six." He looked up at the clock on the mantelpiece. It said ten thirty-three. " Why don't you help her with her leg? "

The woman said: " No, it is not necessary. I—" She put her weight on her injured leg and flinched, steadying herself with a hand on the back of a chair.

The girl hurried to her, stammering contritely: " I—I didn't think. Forgive me." She put an arm around the woman and helped her into the chair.

The man stood up to put his pipe on the mantelpiece beside the clock. He was of medium height, but his sturdiness made him look shorter. His neck, rising from the V of a gray sweater, was short, powerfully muscled. Below the sweater he wore loose gray trousers and heavy brown shoes. He clicked his knife shut and put it in his pocket before turning to look at Luise Fischer.



Evelyn was on her knees in front of the woman, pulling off her right stocking, making sympathetic clucking noises, chattering nervously: " You've cut your knee too. Tch-tch-tch! And look how your ankle's swelling. You shouldn't've tried to walk all that distance in these slippers." Her body hid the woman's bare leg from the man. " Now sit still and I'll fix it up in a minute." She pulled the torn red skirt down over the bare leg.

THE woman's smile was polite. She said carefully: "You are very kind."

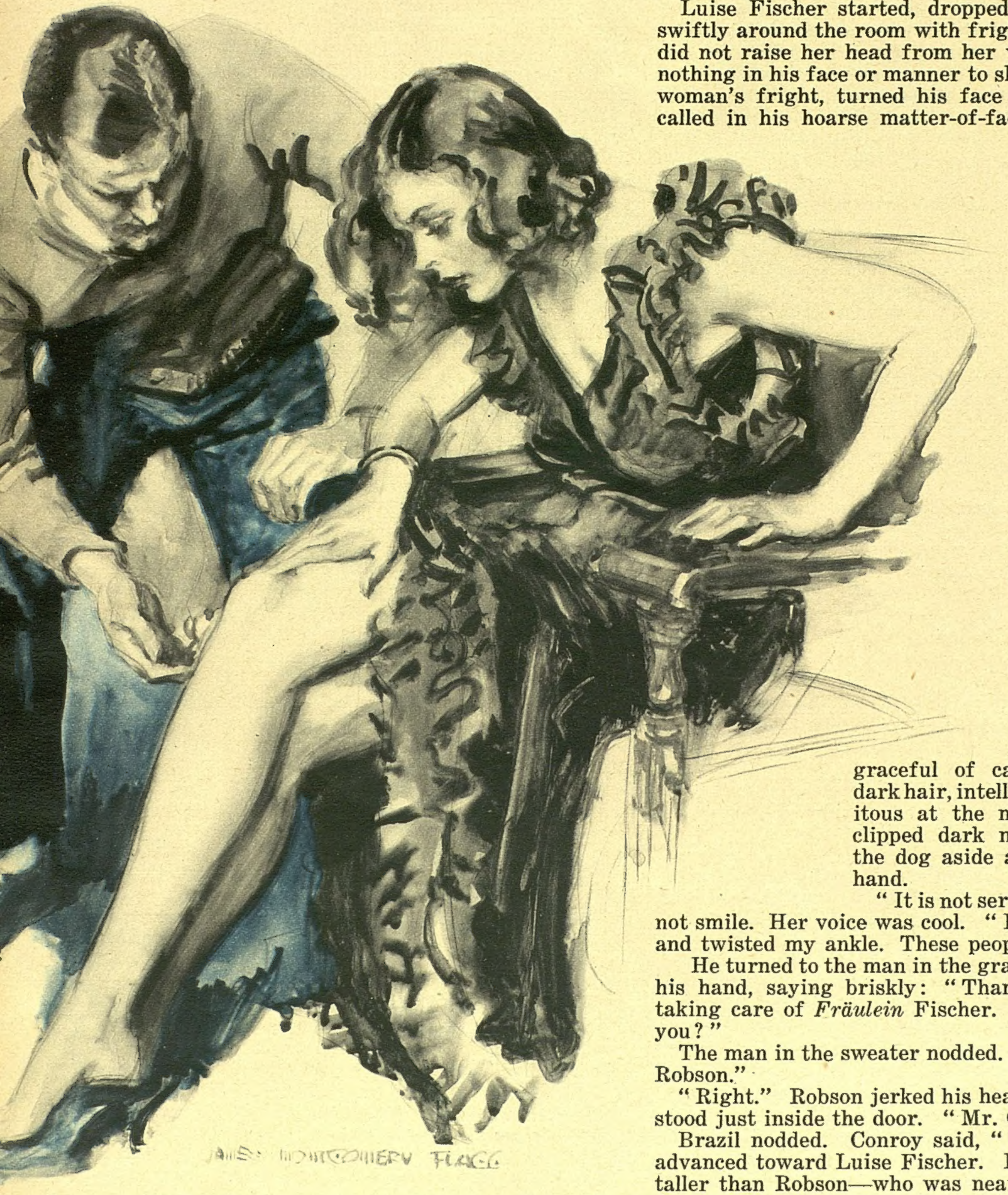
The girl ran out of the room.

The man had a paper package of cigarettes in his hand. He shook it until three cigarettes protruded half an inch and held them out to her. " Smoke? "

" Thank you." She took a cigarette, put it between her lips, and looked at his hand when he held a match to it. His hand was thick-boned, muscular, but not a laborer's. She looked through her lashes at his face while he was lighting his cigarettte. He was younger than he had seemed at first glance—perhaps no older than thirty-two or -three—and his features, in the flare of his match, seemed less stolid than disciplined.

" Bang it up much? " His tone was merely conversational.

" I hope I have not." She drew up her skirt to look first at her ankle, then at her knee. The ankle was perceptibly though not greatly swollen; the knee was cut once deeply, twice less seriously. She touched the edges of the cuts gently with a forefinger. " I do not like pain," she said very earnestly.



Evelyn came in with a basin of steaming water, cloths, a roll of bandage, salve.

Evelyn came in with a basin of steaming water, cloths, a roll of bandage, salve. Her dark eyes widened at the man and woman, but were hidden by lowered lids by the time their faces had turned toward her. " I'll fix it now. I'll have it all fixed in a minute." She knelt in front of the woman again, nervous hand sloshing water on the floor, body between Luise Fischer's leg and the man.

He went to the door and looked out, holding the door half a foot open against the wind.

The woman asked the girl bathing her ankle: " There is not a train before it is morning? " She pursed her lips thoughtfully.

" No."

The man shut the door and said: " It'll be raining in an hour." He put more wood on the fire, then stood—legs apart, hands in pockets, cigarette dangling from one side of his mouth—watching Evelyn attend to the woman's leg. His face was placid.

The girl dried the ankle and began to wind a bandage around it, working with increasing speed, breathing more rapidly now. Once more the woman seemed about to smile at the girl, but instead she said, " You are very kind."

The girl murmured, " It's nothing."

Three sharp knocks sounded on the door.

Luise Fischer started, dropped her cigarette, looked swiftly around the room with frightened eyes. The girl did not raise her head from her work. The man, with nothing in his face or manner to show he had noticed the woman's fright, turned his face toward the door and called in his hoarse matter-of-fact voice: " All right. Come in."

The door opened and a spotted great Dane came in, followed by two tall men in dinner clothes. The dog walked straight to Luise Fischer and nuzzled her hand. She was looking at the two men who had just entered. There was no timidity, no warmth in her gaze.

ONE of the men pulled off his cap—it was a gray tweed matching his topcoat—and came to her smiling. " So this is where you landed? " His smile vanished as he saw her leg and the bandages. " What happened? " He was perhaps forty years old, well groomed, graceful of carriage, with smooth dark hair, intelligent dark eyes—solicitous at the moment—and a close-clipped dark mustache. He pushed the dog aside and took the woman's hand.

" It is not serious, I think." She did not smile. Her voice was cool. " I stumbled in the road and twisted my ankle. These people have been very—"

He turned to the man in the gray sweater, holding out his hand, saying briskly: " Thanks ever so much for taking care of *Fräulein* Fischer. You're Brazil, aren't you? "

The man in the sweater nodded. " And you'd be Kane Robson."

" Right." Robson jerked his head at the man who still stood just inside the door. " Mr. Conroy."

Brazil nodded. Conroy said, " How do you do," and advanced toward Luise Fischer. He was an inch or two taller than Robson—who was nearly six feet himself—and some ten years younger, blond, broad-shouldered, and lean, with a beautifully shaped small head and remarkably symmetrical features. A dark overcoat hung over one of his arms and he carried a black hat in his hand. He smiled down at the woman and said: " Your idea of a lark's immense."

She addressed Robson: " Why have you come here? "

He smiled amiably, raised his shoulders a little. " You said you weren't feeling well and were going to lie down. When Helen went up to your room to see how you were, you weren't there. We were afraid you had gone out and something had happened to you." He looked at her leg, moved his shoulders again. " Well, we were right."

Nothing in her face responded to his smile. " I am going to the city," she told him. " Now you know."

" All right, if you want to "—he was good-natured—

"but you can't go like that." He nodded at her torn evening dress. "We'll take you back home, where you can change your clothes and pack a bag and—" He turned to Brazil. "When's the next train?"

Brazil said: "Six." The dog was sniffing at his legs.

"You see," Robson said blandly, speaking to the woman again. "There's plenty of time."

She looked down at her clothes and seemed to find them satisfactory. "I go like this," she replied.

"Now look here, Luise," Robson began again, quite reasonably. "You've got hours before train time—time enough to get some rest and a nap and to—"

She said simply: "I have gone."

Robson grimaced impatiently, half humorously, and turned his palms out in a gesture of helplessness. "But what are you going to do?" he asked in a tone that matched the gesture. "You're not going to expect Brazil to put you up till train time and then drive you to the station?"

She looked at Brazil with level eyes and asked calmly: "Is it too much?"

Brazil shook his head carelessly. "Uh-uh."

Robson and Conroy turned together to look at Brazil. There was considerable interest in their eyes, but no visible hostility. He bore the inspection placidly.

Luise Fischer said coolly, with an air of finality: "So."

Conroy looked questioningly at Robson, who sighed wearily and asked: "Your mind's made up on this, Luise?"

"Yes."

Robson shrugged again, said: "You always know what you want." Face and voice were grave. He started to turn away toward the door, then stopped to ask: "Have you got enough money?" One of his hands went to the inner breast pocket of his dinner jacket.

"I want nothing," she told him.

"Right. If you want anything later let me know. Come on, Dick."

He went to the door, opened it, twisted his head around to direct a brisk "Thanks, good night" at Brazil, and went out.

Conroy touched Luise Fischer's forearm lightly with three fingers, said "Good luck" to her, bowed to Evelyn and Brazil, and followed Robson out.

The dog raised his head to watch the two men go out. The girl Evelyn stared at the door with despairing eyes and worked her hands together. Luise Fischer told Brazil: "You will be wise to lock your door."

HE stared at her for a long moment, brooding, and while no actual change seemed to take place in his expression all his facial muscles stiffened. "No," he said finally, "I won't lock it."

The woman's eyebrows went up a little, but she said nothing. The girl spoke, addressing Brazil for the first time since Luise Fischer's arrival. Her voice was peculiarly emphatic. "They were drunk."

"They've been drinking," he conceded. He looked thoughtfully at her, apparently only then noticing her perturbation. "You look like a drink would do *you* some good."

She became confused. Her eyes evaded his. "Do—do you want one?"

"I think so." He looked inquiringly at Luise Fischer, who nodded and said: "Thank you."

The girl went out of the room. The woman leaned forward a little to look intently up at Brazil. Her voice was calm enough, but the deliberate slowness with which she spoke made her words impressive: "Do not make the mistake of thinking Mr. Robson is not dangerous."

He seemed to weigh this speech almost sleepily; then, regarding her with a slight curiosity, he asked: "I've made an enemy?"

Her nod was sure.

He accepted that with a faint grin, offering her his cigarettes again, asking: "Have you?"

She stared through him as if studying some distant thing and replied slowly: "Yes, but I have lost a worse friend."

Evelyn came in carrying a tray that held glasses, mineral water, and a bottle of whisky. Her dark eyes, glancing from man to woman, were inquisitive, somewhat furtive. She went to the table and began to mix drinks.

Brazil finished lighting his cigarette and asked: "Leaving him for good?"

For the moment during which she stared haughtily at him it seemed that the woman did not intend to answer his question; but suddenly her face was distorted by an expression of utter hatred and she spit out a venomous "*Ja!*"

He set his glass on the mantelpiece and went to the door. He went through the motions of looking out into the night; yet he opened the door a bare couple of inches and shut it immediately, and his manner was so far from nervous that he seemed preoccupied with something else.

He turned to the mantelpiece, picked up his glass, and drank. Then, his eyes focused contemplatively on the lowered glass, he was about to speak when a telephone bell rang behind a door facing the fireplace. He opened the door, and as soon as he had passed out of sight his hoarse unemotional voice could be heard. "Hello? . . . Yes. . . . Yes, Nora. . . . Just a moment." He reëntered the room saying to the girl: "Nora wants to talk to you." He shut the bedroom door behind her.

LUISE said: "You cannot have lived here long if you did not know Kane Robson before tonight."

"A month or so; but of course he was in Europe till he came back last week"—he paused—"with you." He picked up his glass. "Matter of fact, he is my landlord."

"Then you—" She broke off as the bedroom door opened. Evelyn stood in the doorway, hands to breast, and cried: "Father's coming—somebody phoned him I was here." She hurried across the room to pick up hat and coat from a chair.

Brazil said: "Wait. You'll meet him on the road if you go now. You'll have to wait till he gets here, then duck out back and beat him home while he's jawing at me. I'll stick your car down at the foot of the back road." He drained his glass and started for the bedroom door.

"But you won't"—her lip quivered—"won't fight with him? Promise me you won't."

"I won't." He went into the bedroom, returning almost immediately with a soft brown hat on his head and one of his arms in a raincoat. "It'll only take me five minutes." He went out the front door.

Luise Fischer said: "Your father does not approve?"

The girl shook her head miserably. Then suddenly she turned to the woman, holding her hands out in an appealing gesture, lips—almost colorless—moving jerkily as her words tumbled out: "You'll be here. Don't let them fight. They mustn't."

The woman took the girl's hands and put them together between her own, saying: "I will do what I can, I promise you."

"He mustn't get in trouble again," the girl moaned. "He mustn't!"

The door opened and Brazil came in.

"That's done," he said cheerfully, and took off his raincoat, dropping it on a chair, putting his damp hat on it. "I left it at the end of the fence." He picked up the woman's empty glass and his own and went to the table. "Better slide out to the kitchen in case he pops in suddenly." He began to pour whisky into the glasses.

The girl wet her lips with her tongue, said, "Yes, I guess so," indistinctly, smiled timidly, pleadingly, at Luise Fischer, hesitated, and touched his sleeve with her fingers. "You—you'll behave?"

"Sure." He did not stop preparing their drinks.

"I'll call you up tomorrow." She smiled at Luise Fischer and moved reluctantly toward the door.

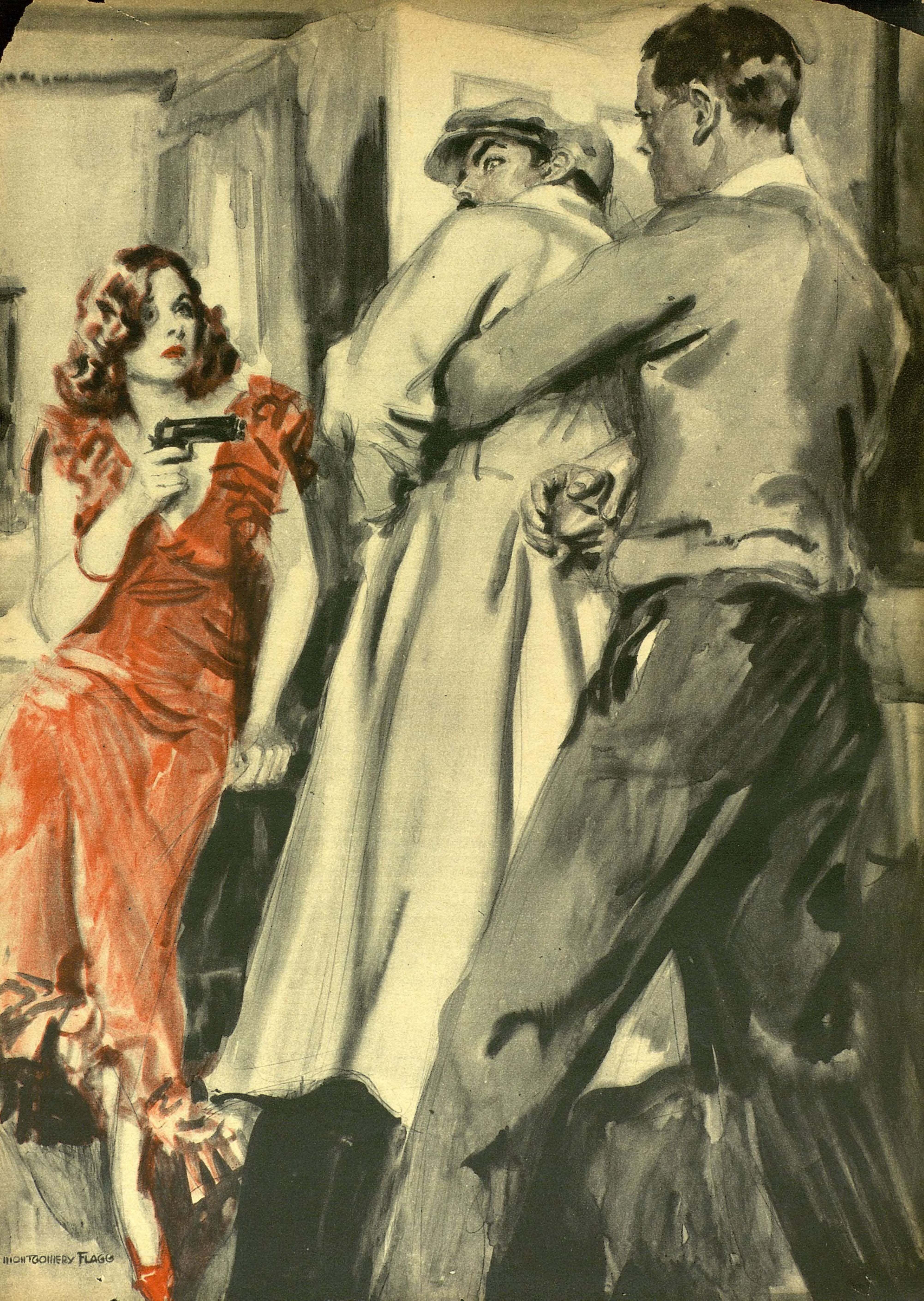
Brazil gave the woman her glass, pulled a chair around to face her more directly, and sat down.

"Your little friend," the woman said, "she loves you very much."

He seemed doubtful. "Oh, she's just a kid," he said.

"But her father," she suggested, "he is not nice—eh?"

She sat on a corner of the table holding the pistol in her hand.


MONTGOMERY FLAGG

“He's cracked,” he replied carelessly, then became thoughtful. “Suppose Robson phoned him?”

“Would he know?”

He smiled a little. “In a place like this everybody knows all about everybody.”

“Then about me,” she began, “you—”

She was interrupted by a pounding on the door that shook it on its hinges and filled the room with thunder. The dog came up stiff-legged on its feet.

Brazil gave the woman a brief grim smile and called: “All right. Come in.” His hoarse voice was unemotional.

The door was violently opened by a medium-sized man in a glistening black rubber coat that hung to his ankles. Dark eyes set too close together burned under the down-turned brim of a gray hat. A pale bony nose jutted out above ragged short-cut grizzled mustache and beard. One fist gripped a heavy applewood walking stick.

DASHIELL HAMMETT *was born in Maryland in 1894 and left school at fourteen to become newsboy, messenger, timekeeper, and finally a private detective. Served in the army as a sergeant in the war. Since then has become one of America's most successful mystery-story writers. He lives in New York.*

“Where is my daughter?” this man demanded. His voice was deep, powerful, resounding.

Brazil's face was a phlegmatic mask. “Hello, Grant,” he said.

The man in the doorway took another step forward. “Where is my daughter?”

The dog growled and showed its teeth. Luise Fischer said: “Franz!” The dog looked at her and moved its tail sidewise an inch or two and back.

Brazil said: “Evelyn's not here.”

Grant glared at him. “Where is she?”

Brazil was placid. “I don't know.”

“That's a lie!” Grant's eyes darted their burning gaze around the room. The knuckles of his hand holding the stick were white. “Evelyn!” he called.

Luise Fischer, smiling as if entertained by the bearded man's rage, said: “It is so, Mr. Grant. There is nobody else here.”

He glanced briefly at her, with loathing in his mad eyes. “Bah! The strumpet's word confirms the convict's!” He strode to the bedroom door and disappeared inside.

Brazil grinned. “See? He's cracked. He always talks like that—like a guy in a bum book.”

She smiled at him and said: “Be patient.”

“I'm being,” he said dryly.

Grant came out of the bedroom and stamped across to the rear door, opening it and disappearing through it.

Brazil emptied his glass and put it on the floor beside his chair. “There'll be more fireworks when he comes back.”

WHEN the bearded man returned to the room he stalked in silence to the front door, pulled it open, and holding the latch with one hand, banging the ferrule of his walking stick on the floor with the other, roared at Brazil: “For the last time, I'm telling you not to have anything to do with my daughter! I shan't tell you again.” He went out, slamming the door.

Brazil exhaled heavily and shook his head. “Cracked,” he sighed. “Absolutely cracked.”

Luise Fischer said: “He called me a strumpet. Do people here—”

He was not listening to her. He had left his chair and was picking up his hat and coat. “I want to slip down and see if she got away all right. If she gets home first she'll be O. K. Nora—that's her stepmother—will take care of her. But if she doesn't— I won't be long.” He went out the back way.

Luise Fischer kicked off her remaining slipper and stood up, experimenting with her weight on her injured leg. Three tentative steps proved her leg stiff but serviceable. She saw then that her hands and arms were still dirty from the road and, exploring, presently found a bathroom opening off the bedroom. She hummed a tune to herself while she washed and, in the bedroom again, while she combed her hair and brushed her clothes—but broke off impatiently when she failed to find powder or lipstick. She was studying her reflection in a tall looking-glass when she heard the outer door opening.

Her face brightened. “I am here,” she called, and went into the other room.

Robson and Conroy were standing inside the door.

“So you are, my dear,” Robson said, smiling at her start of surprise. He was paler than before and his eyes were glassier, but he seemed otherwise unchanged. Conroy, however, was somewhat disheveled; his face was flushed and he was obviously rather drunk.

The woman had recovered composure. “What do you want?” she demanded bluntly.

Robson looked around. “Where's Brazil?”

“What do you want?” she repeated.

HE looked past her at the open bedroom door, grinned, and crossed to it. When he turned from the empty room she sneered at him. Conroy had gone to the fireplace, where the great Dane was lying, and was standing with his back to the fire watching them.

Robson said: “Well, it's like this, Luise: you're going back home with me.”

She said: “No.”

He wagged his head up and down, grinning. “I haven't got my money's worth out of you yet.” He took a step toward her.

She retreated to the table, caught up the whisky bottle by its neck. “Do not touch me!” Her voice, like her face, was cold with fury.

The dog rose growling.

Robson's dark eyes jerked sidewise to focus on the dog, then on Conroy—and one eyelid twitched—then on the woman again.

Conroy—with neither tenseness nor furtiveness to alarm woman or dog—put his right hand into his overcoat pocket, brought out a black pistol, put its muzzle close behind one of the dog's ears, and shot the dog through the head. The dog tried to leap, fell on its side, and its legs stirred feebly. Conroy, smiling foolishly, returned the pistol to his pocket.

Luise Fischer spun around at the sound of the shot. Screaming at Conroy, she raised the bottle to hurl it. But Robson caught her wrist with one hand, wrenched the bottle away with the other. He was grinning, saying, “No, no, my sweet,” in a bantering voice.

He put the bottle on the table again, but kept his grip on her wrist.

The dog's legs stopped moving.

Robson said: “All right. Now are you ready to go?”

She made no attempt to free her wrist. She drew herself up straight and said very seriously: “My friend, you do not know me yet if you think I am going with you.”

Robson chuckled. “You don't know me if you think you're not,” he told her.

The front door opened and Brazil came in. His sallow face was phlegmatic, though there was a shade of annoyance in his eyes. He shut the door carefully behind him, then addressed his guests. His voice was that of one who complains without anger. “What the hell is this?” he asked. “Visitors' day? Am I supposed to be running a road house?”

Robson said: “We are going now. *Fräulein* Fischer's going with us.”

Brazil was looking at the dead dog, annoyance deepening in his copperish eyes. “That's all right if she wants to,” he said indifferently.

The woman said: “I am not going.”

Brazil was still looking at the dog. “That's all right too,” he muttered, and with more interest: “But who did this?” He walked over to the dog and prodded its head with his foot. “Blood all over the floor,” he grumbled.

Then, without raising his head, without the slightest shifting of balance or stiffening of his body, he drove his right fist up into Conroy's handsome drunken face.

Conroy fell away from the fist rigidly, with unbent knees, turning a little as he fell. His head and one shoulder struck the stone fireplace, and he tumbled forward, rolling completely over, face upward, on the floor.

Brazil whirled to face Robson.

Robson had dropped the woman's wrist and was trying to get a pistol out of his overcoat pocket. But she had flung herself on his arm, hugging it to her body, hanging with her full weight on it, and he could not free it, though he tore her hair with his other hand.

Brazil went around behind Robson, struck his chin up with a fist so he could slide his forearm under it across the taller man's throat. When he had tightened the forearm there and had his other hand wrapped around Robson's wrist, he said: "All right. I've got him."

Luise Fischer released the man's arm and fell back on her haunches. Except for the triumph in it, her face was as businesslike as Brazil's.

Brazil pulled Robson's arm up sharply behind his back. The pistol came up with it, and when the pistol was horizontal Robson pulled the trigger. The bullet went between his back and Brazil's chest, to splinter the corner of a bookcase in the far end of the room.

Brazil said: "Try that again, baby, and I'll break your arm. Drop it!"

Robson hesitated, let the pistol clatter down on the floor. Luise Fischer scrambled forward on hands and knees to pick it up. She sat on a corner of the table holding the pistol in her hand.

Brazil pushed Robson away from him and crossed the room, to kneel beside the man on the floor, feeling his pulse, running hands over his body, rising with Conroy's pistol, which he thrust into a hip pocket.

Conroy moved one leg, his eyelids fluttered sleepily, and he groaned.

Brazil jerked a thumb at him and addressed Robson curtly: "Take him and get out."

Robson went over to Conroy, stooped to lift his head and shoulders a little, shaking him and saying irritably: "Come on, Dick, wake up. We're going."

Conroy mumbled, "I'm a' ri'," and tried to lie down again.

"Get up, get up," Robson snarled, and slapped his cheeks.

Conroy shook his head and mumbled: "Do' wan'a."

Robson slapped the blond face again. "Come on, get up, you louse."

Conroy groaned and mumbled something unintelligible.

Brazil said impatiently: "Get him out anyway. The rain'll bring him around."

Robson started to speak, changed his mind, picked up his hat from the floor, put it on, and bent over the blond man again. He pulled him up into something approaching a sitting position, drew one limp arm over his shoulder, got a hand around Conroy's back and under his armpit, and rose, slowly lifting the other on unsteady legs beside him.

BRAZIL held the front door open. Half dragging, half carrying Conroy, Robson went out.

Brazil shut the door, leaned his back against it, and shook his head in mock resignation.

Luise Fischer put Robson's pistol down on the table and stood up. "I am sorry," she said gravely. "I did not mean to bring to you all this—"

He interrupted her carelessly: "That's all right." There was some bitterness in his grin, though his tone remained careless. "I go on like this all the time. God! I need a drink."

She turned swiftly to the table and began to fill glasses.

He looked her up and down reflectively, sipped, and asked: "You walked out just like that?"

She looked down at her clothes and nodded yes.

He seemed amused. "What are you going to do?"

"When I go to the city? I shall sell these things"—she moved her hands to indicate her rings—"and then—I do not know."

"You mean you haven't any money at all?" he demanded.

"That is it," she replied coolly.

"Not even enough for your ticket?"

She shook her head no, raised her eyebrows a little, and her calmness was almost insolence. "Surely that is a small amount you can afford to lend me."

"Sure," he said, and laughed. "But you're a pip."

She did not seem to understand him.

He drank again, then leaned forward. "Listen, you're going to look funny riding the train like that." He flicked two fingers at her gown. "Suppose I drive you in and I've got some friends that'll put you up till you get hold of some clothes you can go out in?"

She studied his face carefully before replying: "If it is not too much trouble for you."

"That's settled, then," he said. "Want to catch a nap first?"

He emptied his glass and went to the front door, where he made a pretense of looking out at the night.

As he turned from the door he caught her expression, though she hastily put the frown off her face. His smile, voice were mockingly apologetic: "I can't help it. They had me away for a while—in prison, I mean—and it did that to me. I've got to keep making sure I'm not locked in." His smile became more twisted. "There's a name for it—claustrophobia—but that doesn't make it any better."

"I am sorry," she said. "Was it—very long ago?"

"Plenty long ago when I went in," he said dryly, "but only a few weeks ago that I got out. That's what I came up here for—to try to get myself straightened out, see how I stood, what I wanted to do."

"And?" she asked softly.

"And what? Have I found out where I stand, what I want to do? I don't know." He was standing in front of her, hands in pockets, lowering down at her. "I suppose I've just been waiting for something to turn up, something I could take as a sign which way I was to go. Well, what turned up was you. That's good enough. I'll go along with you."

HE took his hands from his pockets, leaned down, lifted her to her feet, and kissed her savagely.

For a moment she was motionless. Then she squirmed out of his arms and struck at his face with curved fingers. She was white with anger.

He caught her hand, pushed it down carelessly, and growled: "Stop it. If you don't want to play you don't want to play, that's all."

"That is exactly all," she said furiously.

"Fair enough." There was no change in his face, none in his voice.

Presently she said: "That man—your little friend's father—called me a strumpet. Do people here talk very much about me?"

He made a deprecatory mouth. "You know how it is. The Robsons have been the big landowners, the local gentry, for generations, and anything they do is big news. Everybody knows everything they do and so—"

"And what do they say about me?"

He grinned. "The worst, of course. What do you expect? They know him."

"And what do you think?"

"About you?"

She nodded. Her eyes were intent on his.

"I can't very well go round panning people," he said, "only I wonder why you ever took up with him. You must've seen him for the rat he is."

"I did not altogether," she said simply. "And I was stranded in a little Swiss village."

"Actress?"

She nodded. "A singer."

The telephone bell rang.

He went unhurriedly into the bedroom. His unemotional voice came out: "Hello? . . . Yes, Evelyn. . . . Yes." There was a long pause. "Yes; all right, and thanks."

He returned to the other room as unhurriedly as he had left, but at the sight of him Luise Fischer half rose from the table. His face was pasty, yellow, glistening with sweat on forehead and temples, and the cigarette between fingers of his right hand was mashed and broken.

"That was Evelyn. Her father's justice of the peace. Conroy's got a fractured skull—dying. Robson just phoned he's going down to swear out a warrant. That damned fireplace. I can't live in a cell again!"

In next week's installment you will learn what happened to Luise Fischer after Evelyn's telephone call told Brazil that he might be charged with manslaughter.

ELINOR SMITH

I'm Fed Up

By ELINOR SMITH

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)

"I'M fed up with all this stunt flying!"

The speaker, a not too tired business man with a genuine air-going interest in aviation, might have been more tactful—considering that he was talking to someone who had been stunt flying since she was sixteen! But I knew he voiced a pretty generally held opinion, and I wasn't so sure I didn't share it myself.

I, too, am getting a little fed up.

There are stunts and stunts. When Jimmie Doolittle goes blind flying for the Guggenheim Foundation, he's doing something. He belongs in the Advancing Science Department. But when "Colonel" Hutchinson tries to get into the headlines through the family entrance, he isn't doing anything for aviation except giving it a sock in the eye.

Stunt flyer though I am—and I glory in my shame!—I can't say that it is accomplishing much for science to take a pet lion cub on a cross-country barnstorming trip, or to crack up on the way to Europe with two helpless little children hugging dressed-up Patsy dolls.

I hold no personal grudge against Mr. Hutchinson. I'm not his daughter and I didn't have to risk my life for his sake. But, granting him the very best motives in the world, I feel that his kind of stunt flights are just the kind that should *not* be made. It is only natural that they have brought not only stunt flying but flying in general under public censure.

I happened to be in Wichita, Kansas, in 1929, at the time that the shuttle ship City of Baltimore was forced down. Mr. Hutchinson was supposed to be chief pilot; the two men with him were supposed to be mechanics. It was only after the actual pilot had brought the ship back and landed it, and refused to go any farther without proper assistance, that the truth came out.

The plan had been to fly from Baltimore to Los Angeles, refueling *en route*, and returning without landing. Just how this was going to raise the morale of Baltimore wasn't exactly clear, since the transcontinental no-landing stunt had been done successfully in the Sun God three months before. However, Mr. Hutchinson's persuasive powers were equal to the occasion. He successfully promoted the plan among public-spirited citizens, and straightway appeared at the Baltimore airport with an order for a new Stinson monoplane in one hand and a United States map in the other.

One of his chief selling points with his Baltimore backers was that, with all his experience in refueling, nothing could possibly go wrong. He was so sure of himself on this point that he even refused to practice refueling with his new ship before the start.

Now, this refusal was extraordinary, to say the least; for any pilot who has ever done any work of this kind will tell you that no two ships are exactly alike as to speed or can be handled in exactly the same way in the delicate business of refueling. If a bump happens to knock the ships apart and the underneath one doesn't manage to climb up immediately to the proper level, the hose from the upper ship will most probably plow through the fabric of the wing, or, what is worse, take the wing along with it. The calculations necessary with a strange ship require several hours of practice.

But not for Hutchinson! He even convinced the men that were going with him that he had done this sort of thing so often that there was really no need to waste gasoline trying it out—which will give a rather good idea of how convincing a convincer he is.

By the time they had got into the air and flown around the refueling ship for about an hour without even making a contact, one of the "mechanics" finally pinned Hutchinson down to the admission that this was the first time he had ever flown a ship of the size and type of the one he was now piloting, and that he had never before done *any* refueling work.

Presumably the promoter-pilot had foreseen some such situation. He had taken precautions to bring along with him, as one of his so-called "mechanics," a young man who later turned out to be the chief instructor of the Baltimore airport, a lieutenant in the United States Air Corps, who was able—after making the requisite practice attempts—to make the contact and take on enough gas to get them to the next stop.

By this time it was dark. The "mechanic" then discovered that Skipper Hutchinson's means of navigation was the already mentioned large map of the United States across which had been drawn a single line from Baltimore to Los Angeles. In devising his little scheme he had evidently overlooked the rather important subjects of geography and topography. The problem of getting a heavily loaded ship through the mountains west of Baltimore must be reckoned with immediately; and as

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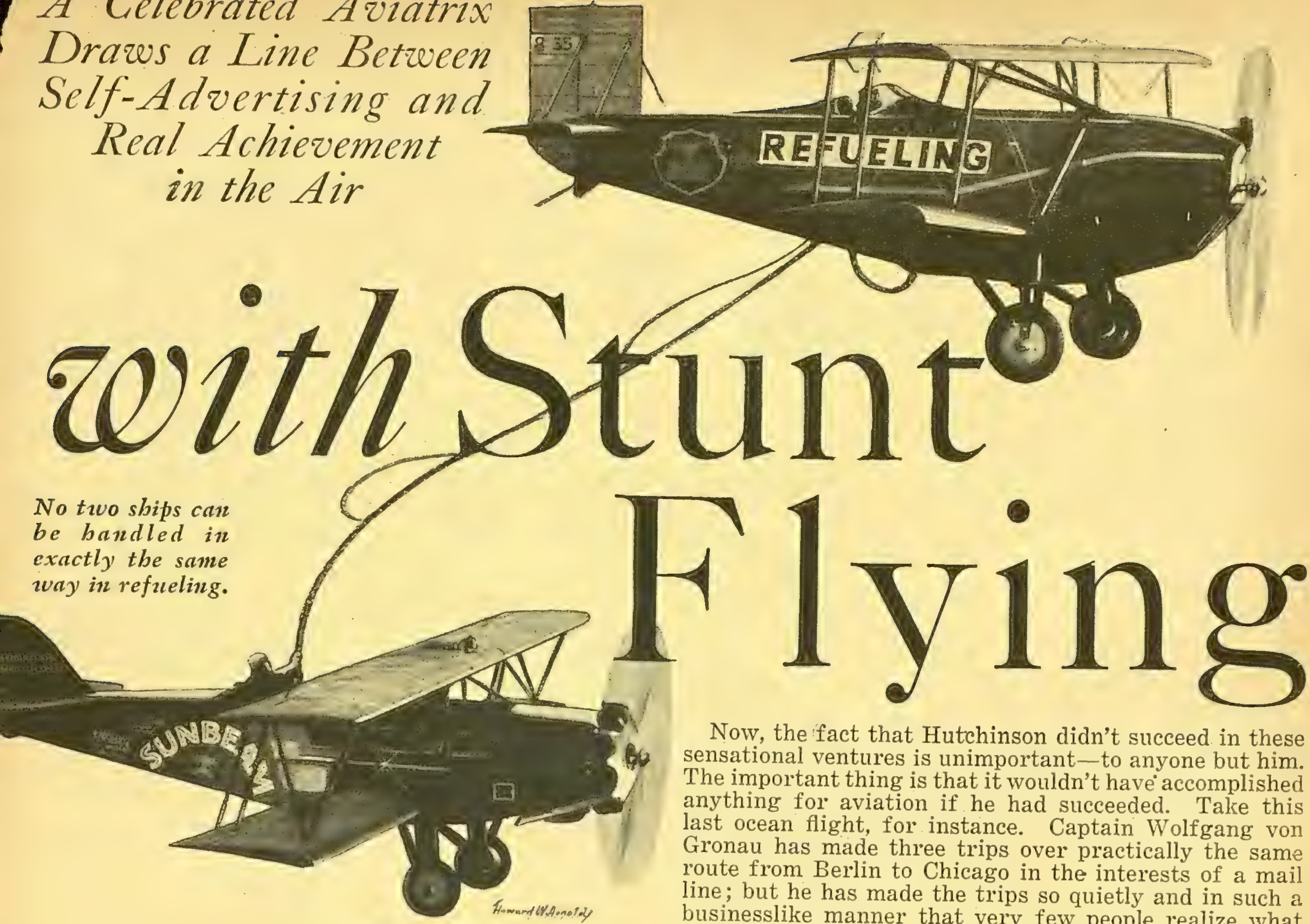

No two ships can be handled in exactly the same way in refueling.

for the Sierras beyond—well, it was small wonder that the crew went their separate ways in Wichita, Kansas.

A year later our undaunted hero sold the Richmond, Virginia, Lions Club on the notion of backing him in a solo flight in a Lockheed plane to Paris, with the idea of cutting about twelve hours off Lindbergh's time. Evidently the whole city of Richmond fell for the plan, even the school children putting their pennies in the fund. I wasn't in Los Angeles when Hutchinson took out his ship to test it for the great flight. I didn't actually see the ship come down. I can only tell you what the men on the field told me about it.

It seems that Mr. Hutchinson had never flown a Lockheed—in fact, had never had any experience with speed jobs at all. Obviously his "testing" was simply flying around trying to get used to the ship.

He never did get used to it. And he never made the flight to which the patriotic Richmond school children had contributed their little savings. Whether he was trying to make a landing and simply overshot the field, or whether he was just taxiing around and wasn't quick enough on his brakes when a gust of wind caught him in the tail, doesn't matter. What does matter is that the first thing anybody knew, the ship had gone into a wild ground loop, cracked up another ship which was standing on the line, wrecked an automobile, and injured two women, one of whom brought suit for damages.

His next attempt to crack the headlines came four months later, when he and his family and their pet lion cub began a tour of the forty-eight states to obtain the signatures of the governors to a scroll pledging them to unite in an effort to make 1931 a banner "Prosperity's Right Around the Corner" year. It was on this trip that the title of lieutenant colonel was conferred upon him by Governor Sterling of Texas. The next thing we know, our hero—wife, babies, Patsy dolls, uniform, and all—is bound for Europe in a Sikorsky that must have cost someone at least forty thousand dollars.

What a man!

Now, the fact that Hutchinson didn't succeed in these sensational ventures is unimportant—to anyone but him. The important thing is that it wouldn't have accomplished anything for aviation if he had succeeded. Take this last ocean flight, for instance. Captain Wolfgang von Gronau has made three trips over practically the same route from Berlin to Chicago in the interests of a mail line; but he has made the trips so quietly and in such a businesslike manner that very few people realize what he has done. A man like von Gronau, who makes his trips year after year, delivers his mail, and flies homeward, is equipped by training and experience to make and record observations of incalculable value. A man like Hutchinson, even if he has the luck to succeed in making the same trip, merely proves that it can be done with a rabbit's foot and the grace of God.

There are, as I said, stunts and stunts.

IF a man has enough money to buy a Sikorsky and take a little ocean-flying trip for the fun of it, and has enough sense to hire somebody like Bernt Balchen for the controls (Bernt has flown the north country for years and has hundreds of hours on Sikorskys), and has enough honesty to make no claim that he is advancing science, I am all for him. I would like to go along on the trip. But the kind of stunt flying with which I am fed up is the venture which is no more important intrinsically than the ones I have just described, but purports to be undertaken for the honor of the school and dear old aviation!

The millionaire stunter has at least one advantage over the publicity-seeking stunter: in the event of accident, he is at least able to reimburse a rescue crew. But the trouble with most men who either have the money or can raise it, and who feel the urge to undertake sensational flying ventures, is that they are not content with passenger credit. They wish to pose in a hero's rôle.

One day a few years ago I was taxiing a man down to the field—a man whose name is now known to every reader of these words—in a plane whose gas throttle had an annoying habit of getting jammed. That day the jam occurred just as I was about to make my landing. Realizing that it would be impossible to reduce the gas gradually in the usual manner, I turned to my passenger and asked him to write a note which we could drop to the men below, telling them what was the matter and warning them that I would have to cut off the gas altogether and take a chance on my landing. I wanted to give them a chance to clear the field and avoid accidents.

The man wrote the note as instructed and dropped it.

We were in a spot. There were telephone wires to dodge and it was almost impossible to tell how far our momentum would carry us; but—thanks to a good deal of experience and some luck—I made the landing safely.

As we jumped out of the ship I was amazed to hear my passenger say, "Well, that was a tight one! I didn't think I'd make it."

That man has since been acclaimed as a great transoceanic flyer, although at the time of his ocean flight—with an experienced co-flyer, of course—he didn't even have a pilot's license!

But why, you ask, did the experienced co-pilot consent to risk his life in a venture for which he was to receive only a part of the credit which he deserved? The reason is the old one: he needed the money. And that is why most stunt flights are made.

The round-the-world flight of Pangborn and Herndon is a case in point. Pang is one of the best pilots in the business. He is also an expert on the engineering side. Yet, for all his experience and skill, he found himself, upon his return to America, merely the co-pilot of an inexperienced youngster named Herndon.

This is how it happened: Pang had taught the young man to fly, and in the course of their acquaintance had mentioned his plan for making a trip around the world and publishing his observations in a book which he was well equipped to write and which would have added incalculably to the fund of sound aviation literature. Herndon purchased the Bellanca; and Pangborn started testing it about six months previous to the take-off date. During all of this time it was clearly understood that Pangborn was to be the pilot and that Herndon was to be a sort of glorified passenger and relief pilot if the occasion warranted.

The time came for the take-off. Pangborn was making his last preparations, when a paper was thrust under his nose. His partner, Herndon, asked him to sign it, and very foolishly—of course every moment was precious—he did. I suppose he thought it was a clearance paper of some sort. Actually it was an agreement in which he agreed not to write a book about the trip, not to write anything for any newspaper syndicate, not to do any of the talking in any of the newsreels—in short, to cut off his only means of compensation for the flight!

Naturally he didn't wish to go ahead with the trip on this basis. But what could he do? If he turned back, or left the ship at the first stop in England, there would surely be a whispering campaign to the effect that he was too scared to continue, and his whole career as a pilot might be ruined. So he went on. Today he is the only living man who has flown both oceans without expert assistance from a crew, but his feat has never been properly acclaimed except by the flying fraternity. His only solace was that he couldn't be called yellow.

AS a professional flyer I have no more sympathy with a Herndon, who will deliberately convert a scientific undertaking into a personal publicity stunt, than I have with a Hutchinson, who undertakes a personal stunt under the guise of science. I think that the activities of both of these types of stunt flyers should be exposed and stopped. But I cannot bring myself to condemn, as so many people are now doing, all flyers who perform stunts which bring them newspaper fame. For publicity of some sort seems to be the only way out for us poor benighted youngsters who have been trained for flying.

Most of the pilots I know are just young fellows trying to get along. And having a darned hard job doing it, unless—and this is the point—they have made themselves famous by a stunt.

Mr. Business Man's interest in aviation is air-going. He figures that it makes him a pretty big shot in his own family circle to come tooting into the local airport in his privately owned Bellanca, and he comes to figure that it would make him an even bigger shot if he had a famous pilot, such as Jimmie Doolittle or Frank Hawks, to fly him. Famous pilots are not only social assets but swell advertising material. So he sits right down with his little average pilot, who has served him well and depends for his living on his job, and says:

"Now, young man, I like you and all that, but frankly I do not consider that your name and rating form the background for such a responsible position. I'm sorry, but I'll have to let you out."

"But," stammers the young man, "you know I'm a thoroughly experienced pilot."

"Experienced, yes. But if you want to get on in your profession I would suggest that you do something that will make you well known, something—well, spectacular, if you wish to call it that. Not that I think you should do anything risky, understand. No; I should scarcely want to be considered responsible if anything happened to you!"

The next day our young man without a job picks up the paper and reads that Joe Doakes, who has just set a new endurance record for flying upside down, has been hired by his old employer at a fancy price.

Our pilot knows Joe Doakes well, knows that Joe has had only eight hundred hours in the air to his own five thousand, knows that Joe has made only one cross-country trip to his hundreds of trips as senior pilot on an air liner. What is the result? He gets all steamed up—and, the next thing you hear of him, he too has gone out and done some crazy or apparently crazy stunt.

I KNOW what I am talking about, because I have been up against the same thing. I was practically brought up on an airport. Flying was the very breath of life to me. Our hangar was a family affair. I just couldn't help wanting to earn my living by flying. But when I had achieved the noble age of sixteen, and with it a pilot's license, was I able to do so? I should say not. I was shown the door marked Exit in more offices than it pleases my pride to remember. I heard that spiel so often about making a name for myself by doing something spectacular—not that they could promise me anything definite, of course, and they wouldn't think of encouraging me to do anything dangerous!—that if a vice president I was conferring with hesitated, I supplied the lines for him!

I tried to get around the issue every way I could, because I knew the criticism that would be directed at me if I attempted anything spectacular, on account of my age and sex (a woman pilot at that time was as rare as a kangaroo in Times Square); but, being Irish and getting exceedingly mad about the whole thing, I decided to see what could be done.

One day I had an argument with one of the boys of a rival outfit about the feasibility of flying a land ship under the East River bridges in New York. He had tried it, and both he and his ship had been fished out of the river. Naturally, he thought it couldn't be done. I told him I'd do it myself on the following Sunday.

Unfortunately the news leaked out. I say "unfortunately" because flying under bridges is an infringement of a Department of Commerce ruling and might have cost me my license—and did cost me ten days "on the ground." But it wasn't so unfortunate in the end; for by the time I was sailing merrily underneath the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge on my way downstream carloads of newspaper photographers had sprinkled themselves all over the four city bridges, hot on the trail of a story. In short, that one silly argument and its aftermath placed me in the position I had struggled to attain. I did my stunt—and all the backing I had required was my own pugnacious nature and ten gallons of gas!

The doors that had closed on me now opened. The positions I had sought now sought me—but I could make more money free-lancing. The rest is, in its way, history. Within three months I was offered the opportunity of flying a ship that was just going on the market, but not without some of the old provisos: I must think of some way to place the ship prominently in the public eye.

It was such a marvelous ship, both for lift and endurance, that I immediately thought of an endurance flight. It was the middle of January, and the hot soup and coffee I took with me froze in the vacuum bottles. But I not only made the flight but stayed up for the record time of thirteen and one half hours.

That was the last flight I had to make solely to attract attention. From that time on I was able to make my flights for the purpose of gaining knowledge for myself and passing it on to my profession.

I suppose it was more imperative, in my case, that I should make a name for myself in order to be able to make a decent living because I was so young and so female. But if the men pilots' experiences have been any different from mine, the difference has been only in degree. The plain fact about the profession of flying at the present time is that jobs are few and far between, and the good ones go to those flyers who have done some spectacular stunt. That is why flyers do stunts. They aren't daredevils any more than their ground-going brothers and sisters. They simply have to eat—and they know by hard experience that there is only one sure way to do it regularly and in decent comfort.

Take Colonel Lindbergh, the greatest of them all. My businessman friend would not consider Lindbergh a stunt flyer. In fact, he most decidedly didn't consider him so. He held forth at great length, and justly, on the value of Colonel Lindbergh's scientific work for the Guggenheim Foundation; but he forgot to mention that it was only after Lindbergh became a national hero that he was able to make his flying of value scientifically.

Lindbergh's original flight, to which the art and the science and the industry of flying owe more than to any other single factor, was in the beginning a stunt pure and simple. He was contemptuously dubbed "the flying fool." He was ridiculed everywhere he went. He sat so long in the outer office of a cigarette company, which he was trying to interest in financing his crossing as an "ad," that the customers began to think he was part of the furniture. If it hadn't been for a small group of bankers in St. Louis he might never have made the flight at all.

I am not using Colonel Lindbergh as an example because I think it is any discredit to be his kind of stunt flyer, because I most certainly do not. Lindbergh deserves to be the national hero that he is for his qualities as a man as well as a flyer. His reaction to his recent bereavement proved that conclusively. And his flying record is an open book.

He is just as much the pilots' hero as he is anyone else's. He certainly is mine.

The point is that if the world's greatest living pilot hadn't "pulled the stunt" of flying to Paris he would probably still be one of our unsung heroes flying the night mail and worrying about his job!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a *flâneur?*

2—What is arable land?

3—What poem by Sir Walter Scott includes Lochinvar?

4—What is the tibia?

5—What is the difference between avenge and revenge?

6—What is the modern name for the Hellespont?

7—In what book of the Bible is the story of the prodigal son?

8—What battle inspired the poem The Charge of the Light Brigade?

9—Who named the Pacific Ocean?

10—What was sometimes used as actuating force in some clocks before the use of weights and springs?

11—Has Babe Ruth's record as a hitter so far surpassed that of Honus Wagner?

12—Who was the Spanish conqueror of Peru?

13—What substance is often used as a windowpane in moving pictures?

14—Who was Dolly Varden?

15—Is a fleur-de-lis a lily?

16—Does the word livid mean white?

17—Who was the author of the saying, "Little said is soonest mended"?

18—Where is Cayenne?

19—From whence is the word influenza derived?

20—What is meant by riparian rights?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

What is a safe dentifrice for children's teeth?

(See page 47 for the answer)

Don't be *satisfied* with 1/5 of a dentifrice!

TEETH can't be kept sound and beautiful by *unbalanced* care. Your dentifrice should be effective in all ways, not merely in one or two. For balanced, 5-way tooth-protection use Squibb Dental Cream.

1 It cleans effectively and *safely.*

2 It polishes well and *safely*—with complete freedom from grit.

3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.

4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*

5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

You know the 75-year reputation of the House of Squibb. You can place absolute confidence in the efficacy and safety of Squibb Dental Cream. If you would keep those teeth of yours at their best, visit your dentist regularly, and brush your teeth at least twice a day with Squibb's.

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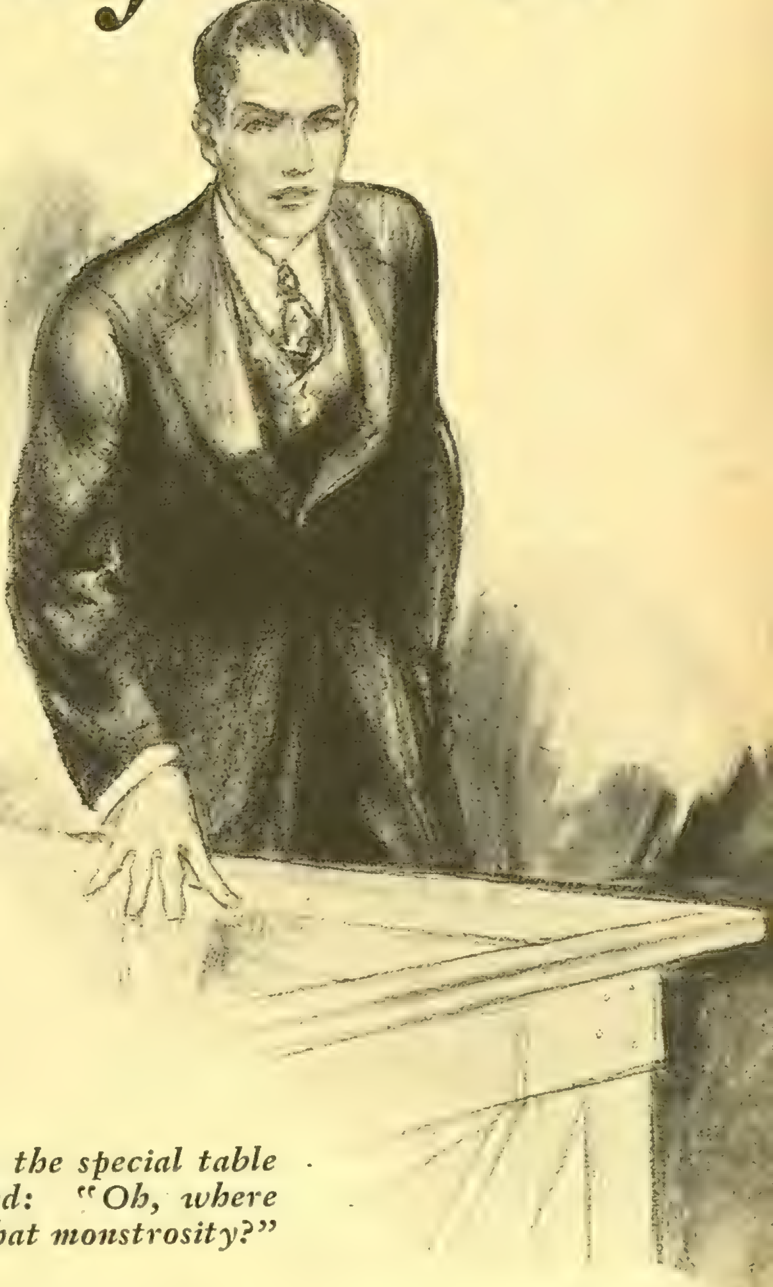
SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Two of a

When Aunt Agatha Made Her Will She Never Realized the Trouble It Would Cause



She looked at the special table and exclaimed: "Oh, where did you get that monstrosity?"

(Reading time: 27 minutes 17 seconds.)

JANE and Clif Williard were the youngest of the young married couples at the Driscolls' that Friday night. Sally Driscoll asked them to stay until after the others had gone, and then explained why.

" We want you to drive out into the country with us tomorrow to look at an old house we're thinking of buying."

" We really have so much to do on a Saturday," said Jane. She knew Clif liked to devote the day chiefly to reading his students' papers and getting caught up on his week's work.

But when Sally Driscoll seemed to be really hurt, they had to yield.

They set out the next morning, riding in the rumble seat behind Sally and Ben, secretly muttering to each other all the way. Up along the Hudson for miles, and then a swing east toward New England. Then dirt roads.

Finally the car reached the old farmhouse that was the Driscolls' objective. Only the caretaker could let them in, and he had gone to spend the night with a sister " somewhere up Northville way." The Driscolls insisted that the four of them stay all night at a neighbor's house where tourists were " accommodated." Jane and Clif consented reluctantly. What else could they do? The next morning with the Driscolls they walked to the caretaker's house; and when discussions began that seemed doomed to last hours, Clif and Jane decided to leave business to their friends and go off in the car for cigarettes.

They found a combined store and gasoline station open. Another car was ahead of them, filling up with gas, and its driver was saying to Mr. Smithers, the proprietor: " I guess most of the people around here are pulling up stakes."

" Yes, and, more wonder than that, the old Campbell house is deserted now. There's never been anybody but a Campbell living in that house since it was built. Prettiest house around here, too."

As soon as Mr. Smithers turned to wait on them, Jane asked: " Why is it the prettiest house around here? "

" To begin with," he said, " it was the first house built. They don't build square houses any more. Around 1790 that was put up. Chimney in the middle, and rooms around it. They took special pains with it. Old man Moses Campbell saw to that. He put in the finest moldings and wall paneling—"

" Where is it? " interrupted Clif.

" Well, if you want to see the place, young man, go up that road past the last white farmhouse, where the Biglers live. Beyond that hill—see? Then you turn right, and the old Campbell house is at the end of the road."

The first thing they noticed as they came to the road's end was the lovely proportions of the house and the gentle slope on which it was set. They climbed out of the car eagerly and went toward the door. Jane stopped in her tracks, spellbound.

" Fan doorway! " she said in a hushed voice.

Clif was taken by it too. He followed Jane as she started blithely around the house, pressing her tiptilted nose against windowpanes, peering into the rooms, and gathering excitement at each new room, at the wood paneling Mr. Smithers had praised—without exaggeration—and the many fireplaces.

Jane found herself suddenly thinking about the money Clif earned—five thousand a year with his instructorship and the lecture courses he gave on the side, and in addition the small income that came from Peru, where an engineer uncle had struggled and invested and died.

Beside the last window, where they paused a little breathlessly, Clif turned her around so she could see the river that showed a curve of its course down at the foot of the hill behind the house.

They returned to the car in a kind of trance. Suddenly Clif paused. Jane leaned tenderly against his shoulder.

" The house we've always dreamed of," she said softly.

Clif took a deep breath. " We're going to buy this house if we never do anything else! "

AND so the house became theirs, together with the barn and ten acres. And in the course of week-end scouting around the countryside in a second-hand Ford they tracked down a house painter named Ed Dimmock, who had a curious habit of rummaging through people's attics while painting their houses, and buying the dusty antiques he found there for next to nothing. He let them go to Clif and Jane at bargain prices because he had taken a fancy to the young couple in the old Campbell place. One afternoon Clif drove over to Ed's place and asked him: "As a special favor to my wife, will you please go paint a house somewhere with twin spool beds in the attic? "

KIND

By CHARLES DIVINE

Illustrations by
HUBERT MATHIEU

Ed laughed and said that was a kind of odd contract. But a month later he delivered the beds.

To Jane and Clif it seemed that their life in the old house would go on, loved and taking on love, like a legend, as long as they lived, summer after summer. Clif's faith in the future, and his desire to make his study a workroom in which enduring things could be done, led him to build a special table. For a week he hired Ed Dimmock's services as carpenter.

Jane made the mistake of asking one day: " How's the table coming along that Ed's building for you? "

Clif retorted, " Ed! " and was annoyed. " *I'm* the one who's building it. Ed's just helping."

They ate dinner in the kitchen evenings, and heard the wood thrush chiming down the slope behind the house, like bells of benediction on their life.

For three years things went on like this, and then, toward the end of summer, Jane fell heir to a legacy from her Aunt Agatha of Boston. Though unmarried, she had still thought more of nieces and nephews than of cats and dogs.

It amounted to an income of five thousand dollars a year. Really a fortune, from Jane's point of view! And what a wonderful thing at this time, to lavish upon the house.

First she was stunned and then angry at Clif's unwillingness to share in the orgy. He wanted to make good without money from Jane.

" Struggle together." That was the phrase he repeated so maddeningly. She grew furious with him. What a silly attitude to take, to let a false masculine pride betray common sense! They could have a maid and a man around the house, and " free her of drudgery."

CLIF turned on her bitterly at that, with his square-cut jaw set in ironlike lines. " So this is drudgery! " he cried, and strode back and forth through the kitchen that had been the center of their domestic existence, and glared at the copper boiler, and said that if theirs couldn't be a servantless house for five years they might just as well throw up the sponge and call the whole thing off.

That kind of pride, Jane retorted, was too stupid to live with. She could take her five thousand dollars and live very well by herself. All right! If that's the way she felt about it. That was *just* the way she felt about it.

This had gone on for weeks. And so one fall afternoon they closed their house for good, and here they were, each with a key as a symbol of past partnership, now returning to New York politely and terribly hostile to each other.

That night Jane went to the apartment to stay, and Clif to his club.

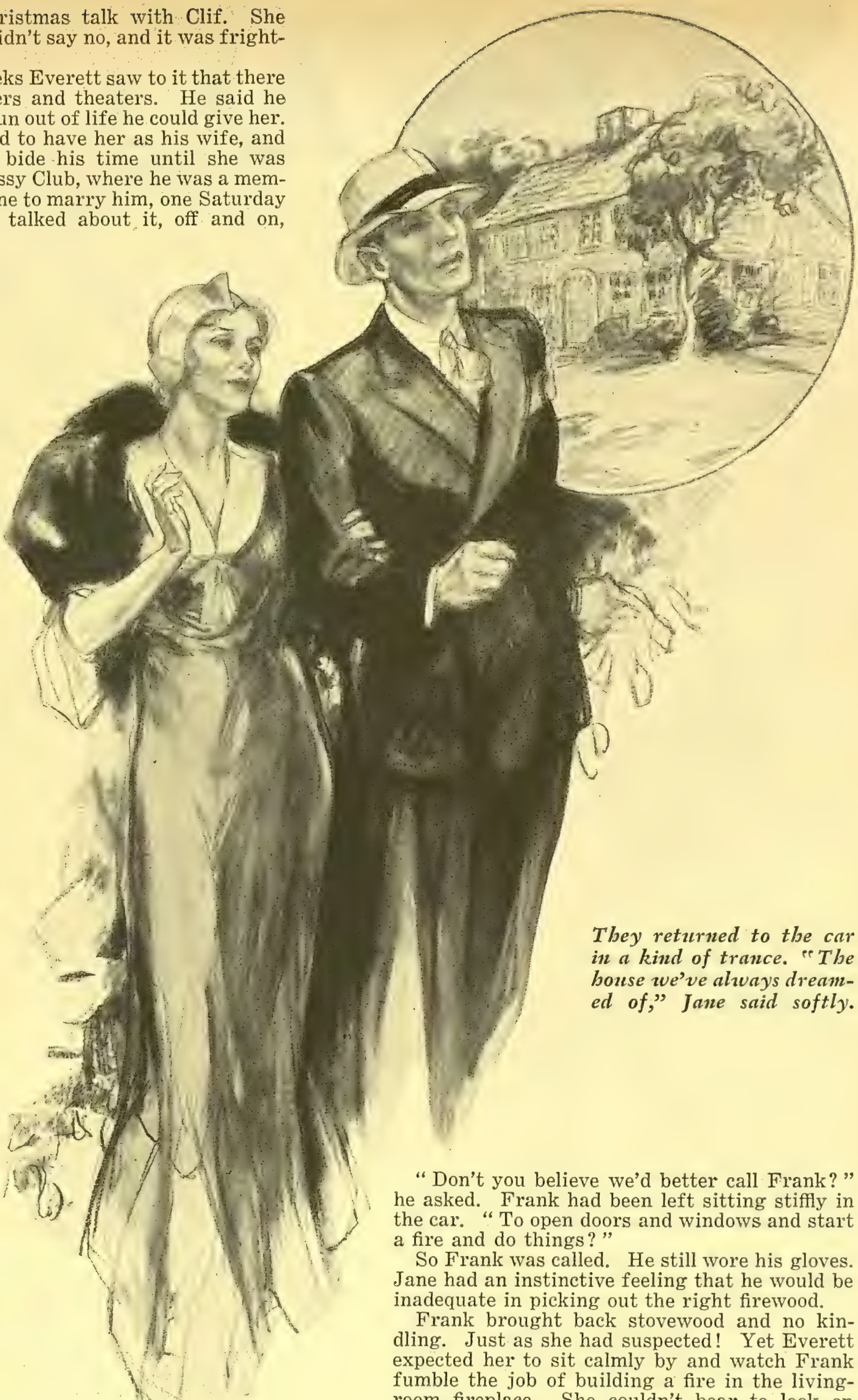
It was one of those differences which seemed only tentative at first, as if any day might bring it to an end, but which, prolonged, grew into habit. Jane met new men and Clif met new women, and each turned more and more exclusively to one in particular.

At Christmas time they talked to each other over the phone, and Clif said: " When you get ready to talk divorce, let me know." And Jane replied: " All right. And you do the same." Her voice hesitated a second; then: " I hear you've got a girl." His voice came back politely: " And I've heard about the distinguished gentleman in your life." She said, " Oh, well," and let it go at that. There was no bitterness.

The distinguished gentleman was Everett Fowler, a middle-aged bachelor, slightly bald. He was an assistant United States attorney-general, a person, and Jane was taken with his importance.

The first time Everett asked her to marry him was on the evening after her Christmas talk with Clif. She wouldn't say yes, and she didn't say no, and it was frightfully difficult.

During the following weeks Everett saw to it that there was no let-up in the dinners and theaters. He said he wanted Jane to get all the fun out of life he could give her. He knew he would be proud to have her as his wife, and he told himself he would bide his time until she was ready. It was at the Embassy Club, where he was a member, that he again asked Jane to marry him, one Saturday night in April; and they talked about it, off and on, until nearly four o'clock.



They returned to the car in a kind of trance. "The house we've always dreamed of," Jane said softly.

"We've known each other long enough, dear," he urged. "And, besides, there's your divorce to be got first. So why delay any longer? Spring's almost here, and it would be nice to have the summer together."

Jane's heart began to beat fast when they walked out of the club to the street. Yes, spring *was* in the air, and she thought of the house in Westfield, and the hills and the river. But chiefly of the house. As things stood now, it was half hers, half Clif's; but maybe she could buy it completely from Clif, with Everett's help, and then—

"DO you know what I'd like to do?" she was suddenly asking, a little breathless. "I'd like to drive out in the country and show you the house. What about our getting a little sleep and you meeting me at ten in the morning?"

"But you know I always sleep on Sunday till noon."

"Can't you get up one morning?"

"Would it please you very much?"

"Yes," she said emphatically, and got more pleasure than she realized in upsetting his weekly program.

When they left the city behind them the next morning, she leaned her face against the window, gazing at the first budding trees she could identify. And the air was so sweet!

Everett, however, opposed the idea of opening a window. He couldn't stand drafts on his head. When the house came into view, Jane gazed and gazed at it, the blood pounding at her temples and a warm feeling flowing over her.

"Isn't it a charming doorway?" she cried as Everett followed her through the yard.

"Yes, very nice." He was opening his cigarette case.

Even in her eagerness, as she opened the door, she sensed the shrinking back that took place in him. He had felt dampness.

"Don't you believe we'd better call Frank?" he asked. Frank had been left sitting stiffly in the car. "To open doors and windows and start a fire and do things?"

So Frank was called. He still wore his gloves. Jane had an instinctive feeling that he would be inadequate in picking out the right firewood.

Frank brought back stovewood and no kindling. Just as she had suspected! Yet Everett expected her to sit calmly by and watch Frank fumble the job of building a fire in the living-room fireplace. She couldn't bear to look on any longer.

"Wouldn't you like to see the house now?" she asked Everett, and led him through the library into the hall and upstairs through the other rooms. He said very little until they had come downstairs again. Then:

"Well, of course, you told me you just picked up things here and there. With a little leeway you could make this place very attractive."

She caught her breath. A little leeway! His synonym for money. But she thought the place was very attractive as it was, with the lee-

(Continued on page twenty)

KOTEX ANNOUNCES The NEW PATENTED* EQUALIZER

in sensational introductory offer

20 to 30% greater protection!

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3 KOTEX with Patented Equalizer *for only* 59c

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CLIMAXING two and one-half years of scientific study and research—the Kotex laboratories now announce the greatest advancement ever made in sanitary protection—the Patented* Equalizer! Because words cannot explain its full value—we make this remarkable introductory offer. We want you to *try* the new Kotex—to experience the new security—the greater comfort. We urge you to purchase 3 packages at once.

What it is

The Patented Equalizer is a remarkable distributing agent placed in the center of each Kotex pad. It acts to give 20% to 30% greater protection. It gives infinitely greater assurance of safety by keeping edges dry—by providing greater thickness without greater bulkiness. It actually *insures* safety. An intimate message of explanation is sent you on the direction sheet inside the package.

All features retained

The famous Kotex softness remains—its super-absorbency—its disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. Kotex—and Kotex alone offers the special "Phantomized" shaping, making it possible to wear closest fitting gowns without slightest revealing line. Mere rounded ends will not accomplish this.

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For the sake of your comfort—for economy's sake—learn the full advantages of Kotex with Patented Equalizer. It is now on sale at drug, dry goods, and department stores in your city.

**The New Patented Equalizer cannot be duplicated in any other pad. It is protected by U. S. Government Patent No. 1,863,333. For your own protection always make sure you get the genuine Kotex with Patented Equalizer.*

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

To ease the task of enlightenment

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face a most trying situation.

This year—some five million mothers will face a difficult task. Thousands of these mothers will be too timid to meet this problem.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared a booklet, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy in a plain envelope without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below.

Mary Pauline Callender
c/o Kotex Company,
Room 2189A.
180 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Name ....

Street..............................

City..............................

State ....

(Continued from page eighteen) way it had received. Going out to the porch, they sat in the sun and warmed themselves for a while, and Jane was just beginning to feel that mood of happiness that had come over her so often here, when suddenly Everett was saying:

"Well, what do you do out here? What's there to do? Any golf clubs? Any neighbors? Whom do you see?"

It was like the wrong note struck in a symphony. She had to admit that there were no golf clubs near. Then he said something about "improvements and electricity."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of it! Wiring the house might ruin the fine paneling."

"Nonsense, Jane. There isn't anything you can't do nowadays."

Well, anyway, she thought, there were the lilac bushes, that got along so well without improvements.

"That landscape man I was telling you about, Jane. He would do this property right for you. Terraces down there, and a nice velvet lawn." Everett took out his watch. "Well, if we're to get to River Manor for lunch we'd better hurry along."

"Oh," gasped Jane, "I thought we'd have lunch here—in my own kitchen." Her hands clenched the edge of a porch pillar tensely. She was suddenly afraid she was going to cry. "There's a grand coal-and-wood stove, and the cupboards are full of canned things."

Everett shook his head.

"Frank made such a fizzle of the fireplace I'd hate to let him tackle the stove."

"But I could start that fire in three minutes, Everett."

"No, thank you. I haven't reached the stage yet where I let women build fires for me!"

She realized that it was hopeless. And she wasn't going to cry about it. So, simply resigned, she joined him in picking up their things and going out of the house, conscious that Everett sighed with relief as they climbed into the car.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Jane. "I wonder if the fire is really out in the fireplace."

"Of course. Frank saw to that. You put out the fire, didn't you, Frank?"

"Yes, sir."

But Jane wasn't sure she could trust Frank's fire-extinguishing ability any more than she could his fire-building.

"No; I won't feel at rest until I'm sure the fire's out."

Everett lumbered out of the car after her, ordering Frank to come too, and so the three of them made another pilgrimage into the house. The fire was out, they found.

"See?" said Everett. He was a little testy. He didn't understand that the extra moment of anxiety in her was natural, loving the house as she did. "This was totally unnecessary. I told you I had spoken to Frank."

There was silence between them when they sat in the car again. Later Everett announced: "Well, I guess we won't make the River Manor Club now. It's too late for tea. But we can still make the Jacksons'."

AT the edge of a Hudson River town Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, old friends of Everett, lived in a showy house that was full of a cocktail crowd when Jane and Everett blew in. There were people playing bridge and other people playing ping-pong. Indoor games.

"A gay crowd," Everett whispered in her ear, pleased. But she thought of the day outside, of spring and the country, and turned wearily away from him to encounter highball glasses clutched in everybody's hand. She pulled Everett away from the Jacksons as soon as she could. Mrs. Jackson's farewell was supergay and self-satisfied.

"Oh, stop by here any time, you two. We're really like a road house on Sunday."

Again in the car, still with its windows closed, still carrying the same boxful of New York air and returning that same boxful to its source—"You seem quiet," remarked Everett.

"Headache," said Jane.

He was solicitous. She begged off from dinner, however, and went into her apartment alone; went to the kitchenette for crackers and milk, and decided to go to bed.

She paused a moment to stare at nothing, and between her teeth said fiercely: "A day in the country!"

That same evening Clif was having dinner with "the girl" Jane had heard about in the fall but didn't know—Deirdre Clayton, "Deedy" to Clif, and by now so familiar as to seem almost like part of his life. He sat across the table from her in a tea-room restaurant in Fiftieth Street, his senses again stirred by the sculptured beauty of her head: her hair, red of a deep tint, in natural waves with a hairdresser's last finish on it, each hair in its place; perfect features and lovely creamy skin.

"I've got news to break to you," she said, and surprised him. "The show's going to Boston next week."

Clif felt wretched about it. He didn't want Deedy going away from him so long—five weeks, maybe six—and the thought of distances coming between them made him realize that the future was a problem that had to be faced at once. What were he and Deedy going to do? What about marriage?

He thought of the spring coming on, and the summer, and his house in the country. He could probably buy out Jane's interest in it.

With Deedy about to leave town, things had to be decided. It was now or never.

"Before you go, Deedy, I want you to see my house. It's spring, and things will be nice out there. When does the show leave?"

"Next Sunday night, darling. And we open Monday."

"Then we can run out to Westfield Sunday—and I'll get you back in time to catch your train."

Deedy agreed. She would love his house. Although she had risen to a minor part in a Broadway musical comedy, after having modeled in photographs and sung in the chorus, she still cherished her ambition to have an interior-decorating shop.

"You've never seen me really domestic," she said. "Why don't I come down to your apartment some night this week and cook in for us? I'll show you."

ON Wednesday she appeared, hurrying in late from the matinée, and, with the evening performance to make—in her dressing room by eight or get docked—she stood in Clif's kitchenette with her hat on, getting chops and a salad.

Clif thought that somehow the very fact that she was wearing her hat as she toiled over the cuisine made her wistful and pathetic. Here was a girl, he thought, who would appreciate a house in the country.

He couldn't wait for Sunday to come. His own longing to see the old house was almost as intense in itself as in seeing it with Deedy. She snuggled fondly against his shoulder most of the journey out, in the new roadster he had acquired, and when they entered the house she walked through the hall, kissed him on the cheek, and exclaimed:

"Oh, isn't it cold? I'll just have to have a fire before I do anything." Shivering in her coat, she walked through the library to the sitting room, and refused to go farther until she was warm. Clif went to the barn for wood, and soon had rousing fires going in the living-room fireplace and in the kitchen stove. He was interested in having her look at the house. Her interest, however, was in him, and her dark eyes followed him invitingly.

"Come see the view!" he called, going to the window.

"Can't leave the fire," she replied, lapsing into baby talk. "Ooo, so cold!" With a cigarette in her hand, she came up beside him. "Ooo, doesn't it look bleak!"

"Come on, I'll show you the house now!" he cried, and led her upstairs to his study. She looked at the room, at the special table he had built, and exclaimed: "Oh, the lovely proportions ruined by that table! Where did you get that monstrosity?" And as Clif gave her no answer, she went on: "I know a lovely tavern table that would fit there. I saw one in a shop off Madison Avenue."

He turned away. His beautiful table! There was just nothing he could say. And Madison Avenue! He knew what prices were there.

"This old square hall," pronounced Deedy with a professional air, stepping back and peering as if nearsighted, "is just ruined by this old chair and bookcase. It needs a vista. A braided rug on the floor and a simple bench by the wall, and a couple of pictures up above for a color note. But the room I'm dying to see is the twin room to your study. I know just what it should have. I can see it with a canopy bed, silver-and-white wall paper, and some of those silver-glass pictures with painted flowers which the Viennese do so well." She added enthusiastically: "And which lend just the right modern note to these old houses."

After that he could hardly bear to look at her as they crossed the threshold and she saw the twin spool beds with Turkey-red and white patchwork quilts, the wood-paneled walls, and the array of family portraits which he and Jane had decided belonged in their room in their quaint old frames —his Uncle Stallham in his Civil War uniform, standing on a high rock above a battlefield, maybe Gettysburg, calm above the carnage; and her Aunt Agatha, taken when she was young and wore plumes like feather boas on her hat and might have married somebody.

DEEDY made no comment. The silence, Clif felt, was eloquent and painful. To break it and get them both back to the right mood, he called to her to look in the closet—she'd find some of Jane's house dresses there to wear over her good clothes while they fussed in the kitchen getting lunch—and he would jump in the car and run down to the village for supplies. Her remark as she opened the closet door checked his flight:

"Gee, what do you call this! A masquerade?"

While he hovered in the doorway, hurt by her remark, feeling somehow that it was a sarcastic gibe at a phase of Jane's life—the peasant-dress phase—which should never have been exposed to sophisticated attack, he hoped that Deedy wouldn't explore any farther and come upon the peasant aprons that used to be worn around the house with the print dresses.

"Don't tell me Jane ever wore these crazy little aprons!"

He almost felt unfaithful to an ideal by not defending Jane at this moment. But the moment passed, and his conscience began to prick him. "What a sap I am!" he thought, deciding that Deedy had only reacted impulsively, naturally, and any other modern girl would have done the same.

Following him into the kitchen, she said: "Don't bother about chasing out for supplies. Let's see what you have on the pantry shelf." And she began discovering cans of things which she said would "stay them until they got to that road house they passed."

Clif was longing for a real meal in the kitchen. But instead there was

Film GOT IT!
and a million dollars couldn't put it back!

Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

FILM . . . what is it? A soft, sticky mass that stains teeth an ugly yellow. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film and form hard, irritating tartar that makes gums bleed.

Film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs . . . *Lactobacilli.* These germs produce strong acid. This acid eats away the tooth enamel just as other acids eat into cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid until the nerve is reached . . . the root canal infected . . . and unless repaired, results may well prove tragic.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent *instead* of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance that is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist at least twice every year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth

These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

only a chilly sardines-and-crackers affair, which Deedy served on a tray in front of the fire. She was more interested in trimmings than contents. She got out the best linen, silver, and goblets, and then she went outside the door and broke a new leaf off the rose vine and brought it back to put in a glass as "a touch of flowers with the meal. I believe, no matter what you eat, there should be a certain amount of form and attractiveness."

He stared away from her, his gaze fixed on the fire. A sinking feeling had come over him.

On the way back to New York they stopped at a road house for a meal—which had been Deedy's idea all along—and then he saw her to her night train. Other show girls were there, standing on the platform, all so competently dressed, queenly and perfect, saying good-by to other men, who looked happier at knowing them than Clif suddenly felt about Deedy.

"Oh, Clif," Deedy was saying, "you don't know how much I loved the old house and how I'd enjoy doing it over!"

The next thing he knew he was somehow standing alone in the waiting room, thinking desperately of his house and of another way of approaching it. He would go up alone—alone next time! Deedy was gone, and for some reason he didn't feel as bad about it as he had thought he would. He felt strangely relieved. Rucksack on his back, he'd hike across the hills from the railroad station some Saturday afternoon, and stay at the house all night and have all of Sunday there. Cook his own meals and lie out on the porch after breakfast, smoking and baking in the sun, and feeling all that quiet of hill and valley that was like a lyric in the blood. Some Saturday?

Why not this coming Saturday? Why put off a return which answered some need as insistent as a physical craving in him?

Next Week—

THE INSIDE DOPE ON THE BASEBALL PENNANT RACES

The game's most famous forecaster picks the Yankees and the Pirates, but predicts some record upsets

By

Hugh Fullerton

Also stories and articles by Dashiell Hammett—Diana Bourbon—Paul Jones—Robert Benchley—Bruce Gould and others

On Saturday afternoon it still lacked an hour before dark when he stepped off the train in Westfield and set about hurriedly picking up his supplies. In Mr. Titcomb's store he was tempted to buy hamburger, and quite ridiculously he found his tongue sliding over his under lip and making a wet contact with the upper one, lusciously tasting the very thought of it, the crisp filigree of the well cooked exterior clinging like succulent balls to the central mass. He was a little ashamed of how much pleasure the thought gave him, for he had decided on an entirely different menu. He bought things for the kind of supper Jane used to prefer—stuff for salad and biscuits—and it gave him a peculiar delight to feel that he would mix up the biscuits and make them in her way. It might be morbid and a sentimental reconstruction of the past, but it was what he had set his mind on.

"THE last I knew your house was still there, Mr. Williard," said Mr. Titcomb, making conversation. "Unless it's burned down lately."

"Gee," said Clif, "don't scare me! You haven't had any fires, have you?"

"The Scott place burned down in January, about a mile from you. Tramps got in and built fires right in the middle of the bedroom floors. Well, that's the chance a deserted house has to run, I suppose."

"Gee, you're cheerful!" said Clif.

The hike across the hills started to wind him, he was so impatient, until he checked his stride and went along in an easier-going pace, enjoying the wind over the budding trees and the fading light in the sky.

It was almost dark when he came out of the patch of woods directly across the road from his house, and saw that the house was still there, and made his way to the front door.

His key turned in the lock, and, closing the door behind him, he stood in a sudden strange darkness—yet a darkness that thrilled him with pleasure. It was musty and venerable, and almost seemed to weigh upon him like a pressure touching the skin. Then his feet began moving across the floor. In the living room he stood still, arrested by a feeling that was strange, but this time was also unexpected, unwarranted. He had heard a sound in the kitchen.

Straining his eyes through the dining-room doorway, he saw a yellow streak under the kitchen door. There was a light out there!

Then the pump sounded and water splashed into something.

Clif felt the sweat break out under his hatband. He had been in such a hurry to get into the house that he hadn't thought of walking all around it first to see if all the windows were dark. "The nerve!" he thought angrily, and began to tiptoe toward the kitchen. If there was a tramp there, he'd get the surprise of his life!

CLIF shoved open the door. The light flared into his face.

"Hey!" he shouted.

A figure turned around from the stove under the light—a figure with a woman's curly sandy hair and dressed in a familiar peasant dress.

He stared.

"Jane!"

She was refueling the fire in the kitchen stove, and she gazed at him at first dumfounded, and then put the lid back on the stove. The look she gave him was hardly one of welcome.

"Well, you *would* spoil my plans," she remarked.

Since four o'clock, when the taxi had landed her from the station, she had been here all alone, singing and humming to herself as she went through the rooms, writing her initials and little random curlicues on the dusty surfaces of tables and chairs, running upstairs to air out the bedroom, and returning to the kitchen to start things for dinner.

"What under the sun brought you here?" she demanded.

"May I ask you the same question?" he said. He too could be casual.

"Week-ending," said Jane airily.

"Who's with you?"

"No one."

"No one! What's the idea?"

"I just wanted to be alone up here a while," she began, and a flush stole into her cheeks—"to cook a meal in this old kitchen, if you must know, and go to sleep tonight to the sound of Mr. Bigler's cowbells, and wake up in the morning and smell *country* with a capital C. Maybe you can't understand a fantastic desire like that."

"That's why *I* came here."

"That so?" she remarked offhandedly.

He yawned and lit a cigarette.

"How's the old stove work?"

"All right. It'll soon be hot enough. What have you got there?" She nodded toward his sack.

"Not much. Stuff for biscuits and salad."

She hesitated the fraction of a second and went over to the cupboard.

"I heard you were up here a while ago," she remarked over her shoulder. "The taxi driver saw you. Was that your girl you had with you?"

"One of them," said Clif, and looked at his cigarette.

"I've been up, too. One Sunday. Brought a friend of mine along."

"How did he like the house?"

"Oh, well enough, I guess."

She came back to the table under the window where her parcels were piled.

Clif got up from his chair, stretching.

"Well, I guess I'm rested now. What did you bring with you for dinner?"

"Not much," she said, her back to him. "Just some hamburger."

She was aware that he had stopped in the middle of the floor, but when he spoke next there was no special emotion in his voice:

"Mr. Titcomb was telling me that there was a fire out here. The Scott place."

"Is that so? I came by way of the other village. What are you going to do?"

"I thought I'd take charge of the hamburger and make it."

"Go ahead, if you want to. I'll do the salad and biscuits."

"The only head of lettuce the man had," volunteered Clif.

They prepared the meal in the same way they had prepared hundreds like it in the past. Jane's hands dealt deftly with the biscuits and then carried them to the oven. Clif's hands carefully balanced the balls of hamburger as the final gesture of his own ritual.

Then Clif got out the china, Jane the silver, Clif the glasses and Jane the bread, performing their joint duties smoothly, now and then talking, and now silent.

THEY sat down finally to hot biscuits with plenty of butter, hamburger, salad, and steaming coffee—they sat down, each with a sigh, and looked across the table at each other in silence. For a long moment neither moved.

"Well," Jane's voice prodded him gently, "are we going to eat?"

Suddenly Clif said something in an entirely different tone. It was:

"Jane!"

When she got to her feet, facing him, her heart was suddenly pounding high up in her breast and almost choking her.

Clif held out his arms, and the next moment she was letting him hold her tight against him.

She was sobbing and shaking, and she felt her own wet tears against his left cheek as he moved his face gently back and forth to wipe them away.

"It's our house, Clif. I couldn't love anybody who didn't feel the way you do about things!"

"Me too," said Clif, and kissed her again.

But since they didn't believe in letting a good dinner get cold, they returned to their chairs and plunged into the meal happily.

"Darling," said Jane, "are you still bothered by Aunt Agatha? Because I can dispose of her in no time."

"Forget it," he said. "She meant well!"

THE END

"Her skin trouble vanished—*thanks to Yeast*"

reports
DR. RICHTER
of Berlin

"She had a blotchy skin and boils . . ."

Dr. Richter is head of the Dept. of Dermatology, Surgical Clinic, University of Berlin. He says: "The patient was constipated, had a blotchy skin and furunculosis (boils) on face . . . I prescribed yeast*. It corrected her constipation. *Her complexion troubles vanished.*"

"I was seriously worried about my skin, too!"

"One of my close relatives started me eating yeast," *writes Catherine Elliott of Bon Air, Virginia.* "He had been bothered with pimples all his life. His doctor gave him Fleischmann's Yeast . . . I was worried about my skin, too. So I tried yeast to get rid of the poisons in my system . . . It wasn't long before I noticed improvement in *my* skin. My tiredness left, too. There's nothing like Fleischmann's Yeast!"

DR. Wilhelm Richter, of Berlin, is the author of over sixty important medical articles. He states:—

"Most skin troubles can be traced directly to the intestines. Constipation leads to poisons . . . which are absorbed into the blood, causing frequent headaches, coated tongue, bad breath" . . . *and bad skin!*

Yet as Dr. Richter says—"relief from such troubles is now very easy. In long-standing cases of constipation and skin disorders I prescribe *fresh yeast.*"

Since yeast is a food you can eat it regularly—three cakes a day. After a few weeks you should notice these effects:—

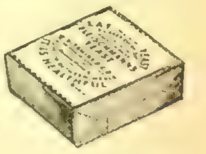
Your bowels should be "regular." That's because yeast "tones" your intestines—stimulates their natural action.

Your digestion should be better. That is because your digestive juices again flow healthily and normally.

And, finally, you should have greater energy—fewer headaches—and a skin free of blemishes . . . as yeast cleanses your system—purifies it—attacks and clears away the accumulated wastes in your body that were poisoning you!

Won't *you* try Fleischmann's Yeast? Just eat 3 cakes a day, following the directions on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

***IMPORTANT—Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind doctors advise.**



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The TRUTH ABOUT MY LIFE

By

CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

(Reading time: 20 minutes 20 seconds.)

DEVELOPMENTS in Germany have reawakened world interest in the character and personality of the Crown Prince. What manner of man is he in reality? How much of the tradition about him is sheer wartime myth and slander? His own answers can be gathered from these reminiscences, written by him exclusively for Liberty in response to its invitation.

His part in the somber drama that attended the involuntary abdication of his father the Kaiser was explained in the second article of the series, in Liberty last week. He then told of his years of exile on the Dutch island of Wieringen, where the natives, their heads full of enemy propaganda, received him as " an incarnation of the devil himself," but came in time to give him their affection. He described his association with his father in Holland, and recalled with deep feeling the homesickness of his mother, the exiled Empress, and her long illness and death. The article closed with his return to his own country—to a Germany become a republic.

PART THREE—HIS BOYHOOD MEMORIES

IT is not always possible in personal recollections to divide the wheat from the chaff. There is one incident that happened during the war which I shall never forget, although at the time it seemed of trifling importance. It was in the year 1916. Our armies were victorious on every front, from the Argonne to the Bosporus. I myself was leading an embattled army in the hope, which turned out to be vain, of capturing Verdun.

It was in the interval between our attacks upon that invincible fortress that one of my aides brought a French soothsayer into my headquarters to provide entertainment for a brief hour of relaxation. The woman recognized me among my officers with the same unerring certitude with which Joan of Arc singled out King Charles.

Walking straight up to me, she fastened her intense eyes upon mine.

Seizing my hand, she began to read my palm. Then she croaked: " I wish to see you alone." I motioned my aides to leave us.

When we were eye to eye the woman said: " I see in the lines of your hand the downfall of your dynasty."

I gasped.

Even if some of us occasionally indulged in dark speculations about the future, the monarchy seemed to be firmly established in the hearts of our people. Germany had risen like one man at the command of her Emperor to defend herself against a world in arms.

It was obvious that the woman was influenced by her hatred of her country's foe.

As one in a trance, she continued to read my hand:

" One of your brothers will die a tragic death."

" Will he die in the war? "

The woman shook her head.

" And you," she droned in a hollow voice, still regarding me with a glittering eye, " will spend five years of your life as an exile in Holland."

The woman's statements seemed preposterous. No one considered the possibility that even in case of a disastrous defeat, which seemed unbelievable then, I would be compelled to leave the soil of my beloved land.

Yet every one of her predictions has come true!

The monarchy in Germany was supplanted by the republic. My brother Prince Joachim of Prussia died a tragic death after the war. I spent five barren years in Wieringen by grace of the Dutch government, while my father found a refuge in Doorn.

But the woman's tale was not yet all told. She scanned my palm once more, then continued:

" After five years your Imperial Highness will return to Germany, and you will play one day a leading part in rebuilding your country."

This was the first crumb of comfort in her recital. Then she made another prediction which I cannot recount here. If her soothsaying comes true in this respect also, the fact will be worth recording in the annals of psychic research.

Personally I do not set much store by palmists and soothsayers. It is not given to man to read in the book of the future. He may, within certain limits, read in the book of the past. It is the book of my education and my childhood of which I propose to unroll a few pages.

Like every prince of Prussia I was trained to be a soldier. I received my first uniform when I had hardly outgrown my baby dresses. Military discipline became an integral part of my life.

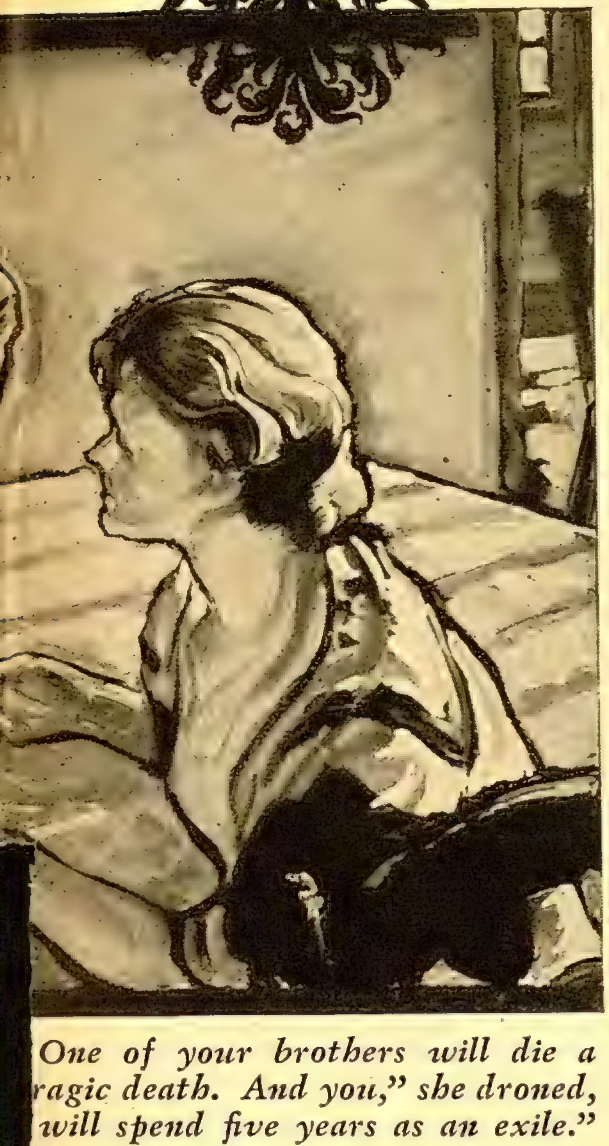
Both the military discipline and the etiquette of a court are apt to raise barriers between a monarch and his

A Palmist's True Prophecies—The Education of a Future Kaiser—Blacksmith and Violinist—The Founder of the Empire—Bismarck as a Royal Child Knew Him—Queen Victoria

The Crown Prince at the age of four, in his first uniform, given to him by his great-grandfather, Emperor Wilhelm I.

U. & U. News photos

Kaiser Wilhelm II conversing with Bismarck in 1888.


One of your brothers will die a ragic death. And you," she droned, will spend five years as an exile."

sons. My father suffered from the condition. I too did not escape. When I was a boy, immediate personal contacts were few and far between in royal families. A monarch's day is a busy one. Numberless aides, governors, court officers supplant the father. As a rule, royal children were cited before their father solely to receive a rebuke.

Today a somewhat freer tone prevails even in court circles. When I have to pick a bone with one of my sons, I smoke a cigarette with him and I talk to him man to man. I try to get his point of view and to impress mine upon him. Education is no longer a spectacled schoolma'am or a stern tyrant armed with the rod. There is a human contact between the educator and his wards, between parent and child, that would have horrified our forebears. The object of modern education is no longer to instill fear but to arouse interest and sympathy. The modern father no longer poses as a superman or a superior officer. But he acts the part of a worldly-wise comrade.

Such, at least, was always my own attitude.

I am satisfied with the result. My boys can make their own way in a topsy-turvy world, in an American Ford factory or a German bank! I have no secrets from my sons. They have no secrets from me. In the same natural fashion in which we play football together, we discuss the great problems of life. My children accept my authority because they respect it. It is not forced upon them. I am convinced that in the next decade, everywhere from castle to hut, the whole trend of modern education will be humanized in this fashion.

My official education included opportunities to familiarize myself with statecraft. The constitution of Prussia and of the German Empire made no provision for the Crown Prince. It gave him no official function. But I was privileged to work in different ministries and in other departments of the government to familiarize myself with its machinery. I gained an insight into the ways in which the world is governed. I also learned, alas, that it is not always governed with wisdom.

Like my father, I always was intensely interested in the problems of modern machinery and a variety of technical problems. Aviation especially appealed to me even in its earliest beginnings.

LIKE every member of my family, I was compelled to learn a trade. One of my brothers is a bookbinder. Another chose to be a carpenter. I adopted three handicrafts. I was most successful as a smith. In Wieringen I practiced this craft. It was my special pleasure not only to make horseshoes but to shoe the horses myself. I frequently assisted the village smith in his smithy.

Once I almost landed a job by my skill as a blacksmith. While the village smith was away on some errand, I took his place and tried my best to satisfy his customers. One of these, a stranger to the hamlet, watched my work with great satisfaction.

"Young man," he said, "you certainly know how to handle your animal and your anvil. I can tell—I am in the business myself. I like the way you do things, and if you want one I shall give you a permanent job."

"I cannot accept your kind offer, sir," I replied, somewhat embarrassed.

"Don't be bashful," the stranger urged. "I can provide a fine living for you. You come with me and your fortune is made."

I thanked him for the compliment, but refused once more. The stranger would not take no for an answer.

Not wishing to seem ungracious or ungrateful, I was forced to drop my incognito.

"You see," I said, "I am Crown Prince Wilhelm."

The man looked at me with disgust.

"You're drunk, that's what you are! I don't object to a fellow taking a drop too many after working hours. But it's a shame for a young hard-working fellow like you to be lit up in the middle of the day like this. For undoubtedly you are intoxicated or you are trying to spoof me. I have no use for drunkards and practical jokers."

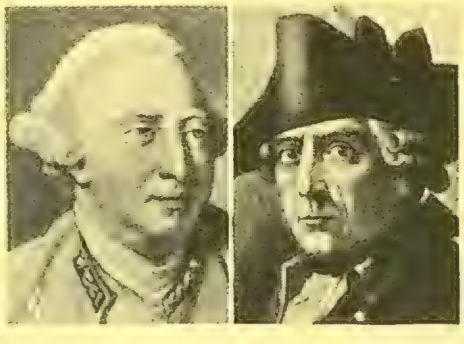
He left me still grumbling, and I lost what was no doubt a good job by telling the truth!

I never regretted my ability to work with my hands. I think that the ability to do so helps a man to gain a firmer grasp on himself and on life. It is this conception which no doubt is responsible for the tradition in our house to which I am indebted for my ability to take the place of a blacksmith. It agrees with the adage of my Imperial father that all labor is divine. The Emperor believes not merely in the divine right of kings but also in the divine right of labor.

There has always been in our house an interest in the arts and in the sciences. Frederick the Great played the flute as well as he wielded the field marshal's baton. He was a writer as well as a statesman.

My great-grandmother Empress Augusta, who sat on Goethe's knees when she was a child, fostered the literary tradition in her salon. My grandmother the Empress Frederick was deeply interested in all the liberal arts. If my father had not been chosen to be Emperor, he would have been a distinguished archæologist.

One of my great-uncles, Prince George of Prussia, was a playwright. One of my brothers is a musician. I like to play the violin. I also have aptitude for drawing. These contacts with the arts are responsible for many of my friendships with artists.


Frederick the Great, King of Prussia (right), was great-grand-uncle of the Crown Prince's great-grandfather in the male line, Emperor Wilhelm I. George III (left), King of England during the American Revolution, was grandfather of Queen Victoria, the grandmother of the Kaiser and great-grandmother of the Crown Prince.

But I am even more deeply interested in sports. Actively and passively. I am a sportsman as much as I am a soldier. I loved athletics of every description long before sports and physical culture were popularly recognized in Germany. Today they play a preëminent part in the life of young Germany.

How little physical culture was appreciated in the past appears from the fact that there are many baronial castles with innumerable banquet halls and endless galleries where one looks in vain for a bathroom.

Even the palace of my great-grandfather did not boast of a single bathtub. Once a week, usually on Saturday, a wagon would arrive from a near-by hotel with the prerequisites for the bath of the old Emperor.

May I not add here, parenthetically, that my countrymen are the cleanest people in the world, even if some still lack the easy access to a daily dip or a daily shower. Every young German bathes himself thoroughly from head to foot when he makes his toilet in the morning.

Fortunately old Europe, including Germany, is following the leadership of America in the matter of bathtubs. Both my grandmother Empress Frederick, Princess Royal of England, and my mother, Empress Auguste Victoria, actively preached to their people as well as to their children the benefit of frequent ablutions and personal hygiene.

I HAVE lived all my life in the shadow of gigantic personalities and gigantic events. My childhood was dominated by the founder of the German Empire, my great-grandfather Wilhelm I, and his immortal Chancellor, Bismarck. Another figure that looms over my earliest days, as it loomed over the world, was that of my great-grandmother Queen Victoria.

I knew most of the actors who, after the giants had passed away, played momentous parts in prewar Europe until they were eclipsed by the catastrophe of the World War.

No statesman was great enough to stop the war. No soldier was great enough to win it. There is only one man today who stalks across the stage with titanic strides —Benito Mussolini. But it is too soon to anticipate the ultimate verdict of history.

Most modern historians belittle the part played in world affairs by great individuals. I believe in great personalities—men of genius who incarnate in themselves the World Spirit.

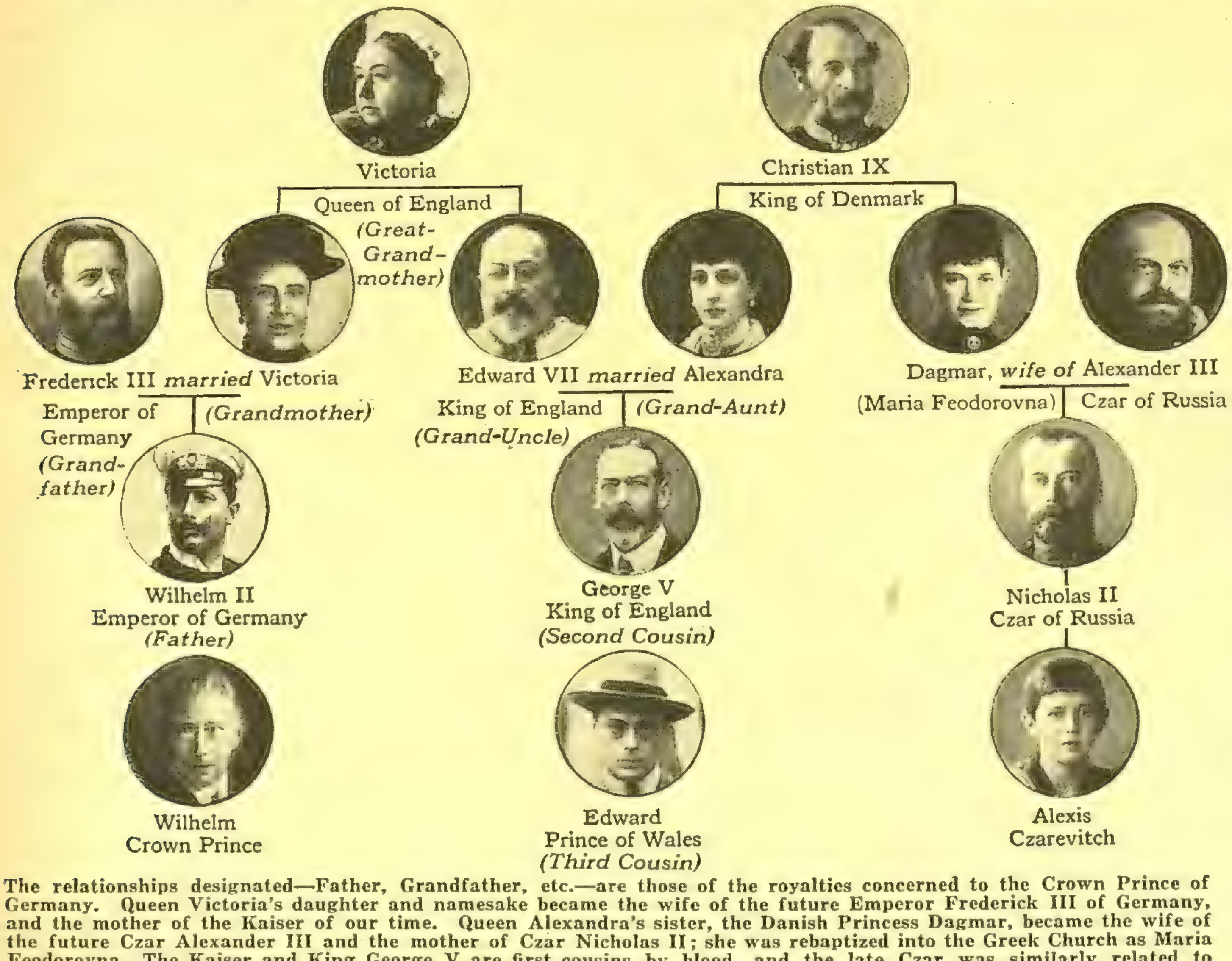
Such a man was Bismarck.

My first encounter with Bismarck took place when I was five or six years old. While rummaging through the old Berlin Palace, I strayed into an unfamiliar part of the building. Opening a door, I suddenly found myself facing the Iron Chancellor busily working over his papers.

Prince Bismarck looked at me with piercing eyes. But their expression was friendly. My first thought was flight. I knew from divers experiences with my father that little boys were not welcome in rooms where men worked at a big desk.

When Prince Bismarck did not seem to resent my intrusion, my apprehensions vanished. I talked to him frankly of whatever passed through my

Family Ties of the Great Royal Houses



The relationships designated—Father, Grandfather, etc.—are those of the royalties concerned to the Crown Prince of Germany. Queen Victoria's daughter and namesake became the wife of the future Emperor Frederick III of Germany, and the mother of the Kaiser of our time. Queen Alexandra's sister, the Danish Princess Dagmar, became the wife of the future Czar Alexander III and the mother of Czar Nicholas II; she was rebaptized into the Greek Church as Maria Feodorovna. The Kaiser and King George V are first cousins by blood, and the late Czar was similarly related to England's king, but the Kaiser and the late Czar were cousins only through marriages in the previous generation.

little head. I was not afraid to touch some things on his desk and to ask questions.

The giant took my hand in his huge paw, looked into my eyes, and said: "Little man, remain as natural as you are now and you will find life easier than many others."

I did not understand what the Prince had in mind. But the words engraved themselves in my memory.

A few years later I met the Iron Chancellor a second time. It was Bismarck's eightieth birthday. It was my first official visit to the Prince. It was also the last time that I was privileged to see him. I now realized dimly that I was paying homage to a figure straight from Valhalla.

The thought of appearing before this almost legendary hero flustered me. But my self-confidence came back to me because I was permitted to wear my uniform!

I accompanied my father to Friedrichsruh, where the old giant Chancellor resided and from where his grumblings resounded throughout the world.

Leaning on his cane, the old Prince met us at the gate. He was in an animated and apparently friendly mood. My father's visit marked the resumption of amicable relations between himself and his old Chancellor.

I was especially impressed by the fact that I was permitted to sit at the table with the grown-ups. I did so with all the dignity I could muster. Suddenly something cold and moist laid itself across my knee. It was the huge hound of the Iron Chancellor, singling me out for his undivided attention.

I TRIED to remove the cold nose. But every time I moved the hound growled ferociously. This intermezzo interfered somewhat with my enjoyment of the meal. The beast was terrifically strong and its appearance was awesome. Blushing with confusion, I confessed my trouble to Bismarck. Thereupon the old Prince, roaring mightily with laughter, called his dog away.

After lunch my father invested Prince Bismarck with a regiment of the Halberstadt Cuirassiers. To me was given the honor of accompanying the Prince in his carriage to the scene where the presentation took place.

In spite of his eighty years, Prince Bismarck talked to me in a lively manner, enlarged upon the beauties of his country estate, and smilingly reminded me of our first meeting.

After the presentation, however, the old gentleman was exhausted. I noticed how he vainly attempted to open the tight collar of his uniform. Without asking his permission, I opened the hook. The Prince sighed with relief. Then he caressed my head and remarked benignly: "I hope you will always be equally ready to act and to be helpful, my boy." These were the last words addressed to me by the greatest German of his generation.

I have a clear memory of the birthday table with its many gifts and the huge cake with eighty candles.

Bismarck did not long outlive his eightieth birthday. He died in 1898.

Every morning when I pass the historic corner window in the palace of my great-grandfather which adjoins my headquarters in Berlin, my memory goes back to the time when, at the age of four or five, I was privileged to stand with the old Emperor at that window and watch the guard file by. He had taken me into his arms and placed me on the window sill. I was very much excited.

The old Emperor, amused, presented me with my first uniform. It was a uniform of the Hussars of the Royal Guard. I have kept it to this day. I have a photograph of myself wearing it. The expression on my face is stern; the cap was a little too tight for my head!

Whenever I think of the heroic figure of the old Emperor standing beside me at the window, I am proud to have stood there. Emperor William I was a living link between us and the great past. His mother was that Queen Louise whom Napoleon could not humble, even if he had conquered her country. It is her spirit that lives today in the *Koenigin Luisen Bund,* named in her honor. Empress Augusta Victoria, my great-

"She's pretty–She's lively –She's a good dancer"–

why on earth doesn't she..?

CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!

A quick fingertipful of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it.

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it *any time.* For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.

MUM
MUM
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

STILL ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS WOMEN—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It *insures* protection.

You bet, these soles **SAVE** SHOE BILLS!

SHOE bills are no joking matter when you have a couple of scrambling, scuffing, scooting youngsters in the family.

But you can cut shoe bills by getting the soles that can't be beat for wear. That means Goodyear Wingfoot Soles — tough, sure-footed, waterproof, good-looking soles that wear like iron.

More shoes are made with these soles than ever before — because they give you *economy.*

They cost no more than other soles—on new shoes or at repair shops. Be thrifty — ask for them by name.

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

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grandmother, was the link between our time and the Weimar of Goethe.

My recollection of my grandfather Emperor Frederick, who died after a reign of only one hundred days, is less vivid.

But I have very keen and pleasant recollections of his wife, the Empress Frederick, who, as I have mentioned already, was deeply interested in social welfare and hygiene. The Germans little realize how much they owe to her intervention. If she had lived in our own day she would undoubtedly have received an honorary doctor's degree in recognition of her services to the cause of sanitation and health.

Queen Victoria was my great-grandmother and the grandmother of Europe. Her fiftieth anniversary was the occasion of my first trip to London at the age of five. I do not remember what the Queen said to me, but I know that she kissed me. Apparently I made a good impression, for Queen Victoria bestowed upon me the first decoration I ever received.

The little old lady before whom all men bowed and all ladies curtsied caught my imagination. But I was even more impressed, if not overawed, by the two Mohammedan servants who towered behind the Queen's chair. The two servants somehow symbolized for me the greatness of the British Empire. I never forgot that my great-grandmother was not merely Queen of England but also Empress of India.

This first impression aroused my curiosity about India, that most mysterious and most precious jewel in the crown of the English kings.

Queen Victoria played an important part in my life. My father harbored a great affection for his grandmother, which she fully reciprocated. To this day the Emperor keeps among his most precious possessions a little water-color sketch which she made of him when he was a little boy. It may be that I am indebted to the Queen for such slight talents as I myself have for drawing!

I saw the Queen twice after that. Each time I was imbued more and more with a sense of her personality, which pervaded not only her court and her Empire but the world and has given her name to an age.

Her death in 1901 was a great shock to me, as well as a personal grief. One had somehow come to look upon the Queen as immortal. And immortal she is. Her memory will live while the British Empire lives. Her hands, however tired, never once relaxed their hold on the reins of government.

With my father I went to England to attend the funeral of this extraordinary woman.

I shall never forget an incident at the funeral. It was a cold winter day. We had followed the coffin of the Queen from London to Windsor.

On the way to the mausoleum the horses drawing the hearse suddenly began to shy.

The Queen's coffin swayed.

Our hearts stood still.

For a moment it looked as if it would be thrown to the ground. Fate, always kind to her, spared her this humiliation.

The horses were speedily unharnessed. In their place three hundred sailors drew the coffin of their dead Queen to its last resting place. The picture of these British sailors thus paying the last homage to their Queen remains ever fixed in my mind as a symbol of unflinching loyalty.

The death of the Queen changed the world's political center of gravity.

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The Crown Prince will give unreserved expression to his great admiration of Geraldine Farrar, with an account of their friendship, in next week's installment of The Truth About My Life, his reminiscences.

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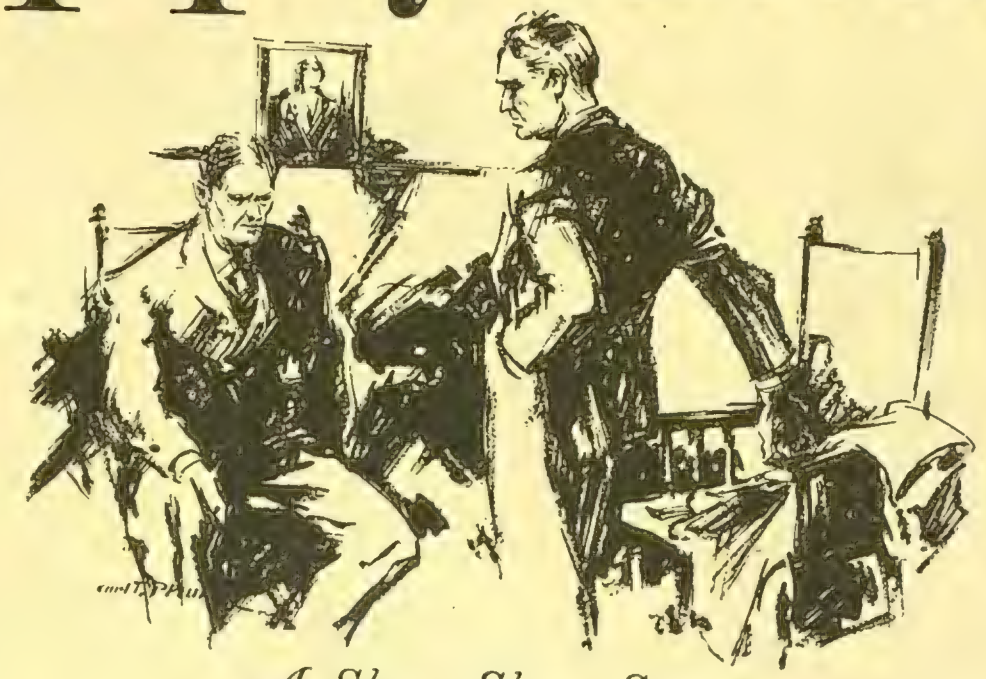
We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Happy *Ending*



A Short Short Story

By FRANCESCA DOANE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

"WON'T you sit down?"

"I prefer to stand," Carter said shortly, studying the wan face of the man in the chair. "Can't you come to the point at once, Steve?"

The hand that rested on the arm of the chair stiffened.

"All right! Tomorrow I'm going to St. Luke's for a major operation. If you've heard of Kurtz you know what that means. I have one chance in a million. I'm going through with it only to satisfy Margaret."

The sick man saw the narrowing of the other's eyelids—at the mention of the woman's name. He went on quickly:

"Margaret of course doesn't realize all this. Thank God she won't have to worry about money. But there's one thing that worries me like hell, and you, Carter, are the only person I can call on for help. I know you haven't any use for me, Carter. You've disliked me ever since I took Margaret away from you. But she cared for me then and she cares for me today. She—she trusts me so!"

He paused for a second. Carter maintained his silence.

"I've made her happy," Steve resumed. "I'll admit it never took much. She's changed very little from the girl you knew in Vermont. She's found her pleasure in doing little things for me, making me comfortable, listening for my footsteps. That's why I'm going through this hell of eleventh-hour regrets. I've got to keep her from finding out about Rita."

"And who," Carter broke in, "is Rita?"

"Well"—Steve hesitated—"she's a woman I've known for years—intimately. Margaret has never suspected. But tomorrow I'm going to need your help."

"My help," Carter repeated. "In what way do you imagine I can help? Either you or Margaret?"

"Ether loosens my tongue, Carter. I might talk. I might say things that would hurt her. You must keep her away from me until I'm fully conscious."

"But how can I do it, Steve?" Carter demanded sharply. "I haven't seen Margaret in years. I'm not anxious to see her now. And for that matter what right have you to call on me—"

"You cared for her once, didn't you?" the other asked coolly, leaning forward in his chair. "Think of her suffering! Can't you realize what a pity it'd be to let her be shocked or hurt—now?"

Carter gave him a glance.

"It won't be necessary for you to drag in the past, Steve," he said curtly. "I understand you perfectly. Naturally, I'll do what I can for your wife. *You* don't count in this."

Grimness tightened the pleasant line of Carter's lips. He seemed not to see the other man's outstretched hand. What he did notice was a photograph on the white Victorian mantel before which they sat, a silver-framed photograph of a gravely smiling girl in the quaint frock of an earlier decade. He looked away from it quickly.

"Margaret won't understand my intrusion tomorrow," he said finally, picking up his hat and coat. "She'll naturally feel that her place is beside you. She may even refuse to listen to me." . . .

But the frightened-looking little woman who sat in the private sitting room adjacent to her husband's suite the late afternoon of the following day had nothing in her heart but gratitude for the old friend who had miraculously appeared in her hour of need.

The late winter afternoon faded into twilight. Within the dim room beyond there was silence, then muffled sounds, then a subdued murmur of voices.

Margaret's dark eyes never moved from the white door across the hall. She hardly noticed when Carter spoke to her. Presently Stephen Marsh's surgeon joined them. He looked at Margaret keenly.

"Your husband is not so well," he said quietly. "I'm sorry to have to alarm you, but I think you should know the facts in the case. He came out of the ether satisfactorily, but there are other complications. He is asking for you. I think he might be easier if you were there at his side. But I must warn you not to excite him. He is barely conscious. He may not recognize you at all."

Margaret lifted her white face.

"I understand. You can trust me, doctor."

The door across the hall opened to receive her. It closed. Carter paced up and down waiting.

LESS than an hour later the door across the hall opened and Margaret appeared. She came into the room like a small ghost, her little heart-shaped face showing that she had been weeping. But there was no indication of sudden and bitter shock, no havoc wrought by disillusionment. Carter motioned the nurse to leave the room. By her pitying glance he understood what had happened. Then he closed the door. He put his arm about Margaret's slight figure and led her to her chair.

"You are cold, dear," he said with clumsy tenderness. "Let me put my coat about your shoulders. Let me get you something hot to drink."

She shook her head, looking at him with mute anguish.

"No, no," she cried. "Nothing yet. I want to remember. It was so strange, so beautiful, I can hardly believe that after all these years he should recall a name. Just a pet name he had for me the summer I was seventeen. It was the way I wore my hair and the Spanish earrings my uncle gave me. Just a name," she went on wistfully, "but somehow it's made everything seem right again."

He took her cold hands in his warm ones.

"He went to sleep in my arms," she said after a pause. There was a quiet rapture in her voice. "He did not suffer. He let me smooth his hair. And after a while his eyes closed. 'Rita,' he said, 'stay with me.' That was all—he never spoke again."

THE END

British, *BRUT*

An Imported Melo-drama; a New Shocker a Racing Picture; and Another Crystal Gaze

Fay Wray—who does some high and fancy screaming—and Bruce Cabot in a scene from King Kong, wherein a giant gorilla is the main attraction.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 48 seconds.)

IN the well known infancy of motion pictures the French and Italians gave greatest promise of artistic excellence. Then the war, and while nations of Europe were busy with their military affairs Hollywood shot forward and American pictures became so intrenched that they dominated the world for years after the brawl. Then came the foreign-language problem of talkies, and Europe, having learned most of our technical tricks, awoke. Now we are getting pictures from them that are making Hollywood sit up. Curiously enough, they are not from France or Italy, but from Russia, Germany, and especially England.

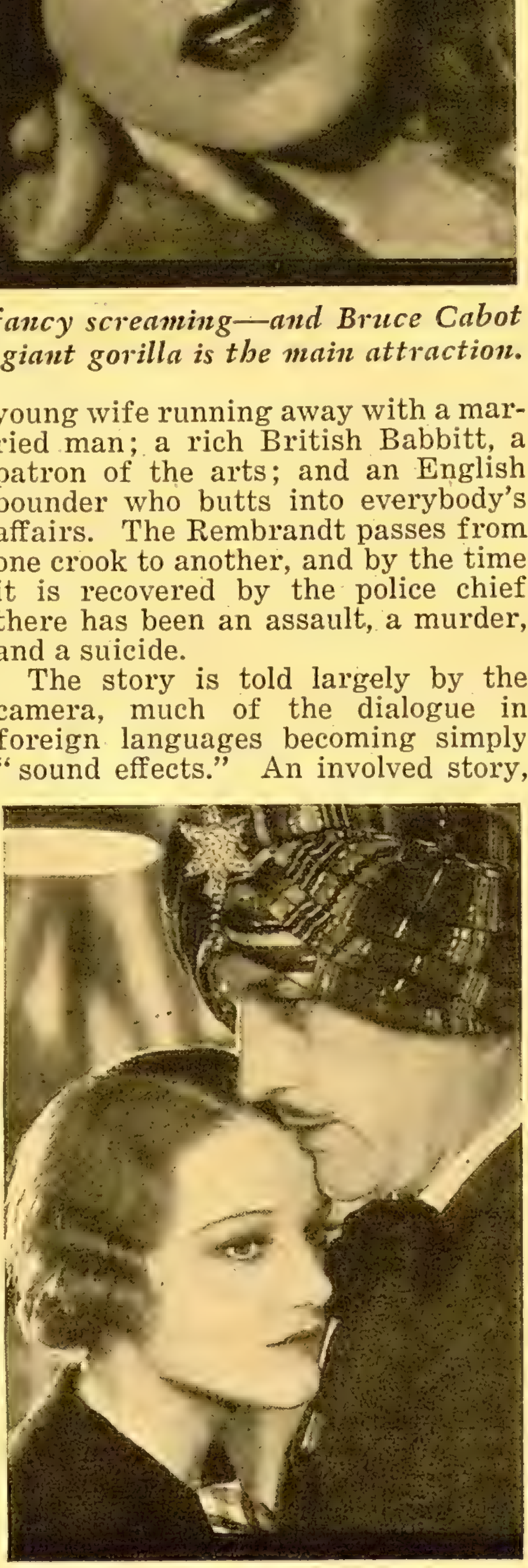
1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE ROME EXPRESS

CAST
Esther Ralston, Conrad Veidt, Muriel Aked, Joan Barry, Donald Calthrop, Finely Curie, Cedric Hardwick, Harold Huth.
Directed by Walter Forde.
Produced by Gaumont-Universal.

Here is an intensely exciting melodrama, full of action and suspense, taking place within a few hours on the train between Paris and Rome. Aboard are the Paris chief of police off for a vacation; a crook fleeing with a famous Rembrandt; two other crooks trailing him; a movie actress with her ubiquitous bell ringer; a young wife running away with a married man; a rich British Babbitt, a patron of the arts; and an English bounder who butts into everybody's affairs. The Rembrandt passes from one crook to another, and by the time it is recovered by the police chief there has been an assault, a murder, and a suicide.

The story is told largely by the camera, much of the dialogue in foreign languages becoming simply "sound effects." An involved story, intelligent direction, authentic casting, and not one shot suggesting sets. Universal is featuring Esther Ralston, but she is merely one of an extraordinary cast, the most important rôle being that of Conrad Veidt. See it, and give the British a big hand.



★ ★ ★ KING KONG

CAST
Ann Redman, Fay Wray; Denham, Robert Armstrong; Driscoll, Bruce Cabot; Englehorn, Frank Reicher; Weston, Sam Hardy; Native Chief, Noble Johnson; Second Mate, James Flavin; Witch King, Steve Clemente; Lumpy Wong, Victor Wong.
Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper.
Produced by RKO.

Modern man, with his weapons of death *vs.* the colossal monsters of the Pleistocene period—that's an always fascinating theme. In this picture they meet at last.

Bob Armstrong, jungle director, and a complete movie cast set sail from New York for an island in the South Pacific that is reported to be inhabited by dinosaurs and other gentle pets. Fay Wray is taken along to add "love interest."

The party finds the island, and upon it a savage tribe protected by an ancient wall a hundred feet high, behind which the great monsters graze at will. The most feared is an enormous ape, King Kong, fifty feet tall. Thinking the Cyclopean creature will enjoy white meat, the savages seize beautiful Fay and tether her out. Kong makes off with her.

To the rescue! Twenty members of the crew rush through the gate, and oh, boy, what sights they see! Animals the size of a Baldwin locomotive fight to the death. The whites are drowned, stomped into the mud, and eaten like pop corn. Bob and the first mate survive, and by the use of gas bombs they finally rescue Fay from Kong. Kong is shackled, brought to New York, and exhibited in Radio City. He escapes, runs amuck, and ends up atop the Empire State Building. Airplanes shoot him down and everybody breathes easier. You will too when the show is over.

***The Mind Reader*, another film of psychic faking, well bolstered by gags, has Constance Cummings and Warren William in leading rôles.**

S, and Bets

By ROB WAGNER

Adrienne Ames and David Manners, the bridal pair in From Hell to Heaven.

Esther Ralston (at the left) as she appears in The Rome Express, an exciting melodrama made in England.

★ ★ FROM HELL TO HEAVEN

CAST

Colly Tanner, Carole Lombard; Charlie, Jack Oakie; Joan Burt, Adrienne Ames; Wesly Burt, David Manners; Sonny Lockwood, Verna Hillie; Tommy Tucker, James C. Eagles; Winnie Lloyd, Shirley Grey; Jack Ruby, Bradley Page; Pop Lockwood, Walter Walker; Toledo Jones, Berton Churchill; Steve Wells, Donald Kerr; Sue Wells, Nydia Westman; Mrs. Chadman, Cecil Cunningham; Lynch, Thomas Jackson; Pepper Murphy, Allen Wood; Elsie, Rita La Roy; Sam, Clarence Muse; McCarthy, Dell Henderson.

Directed by Erle Kenton.
Produced by Paramount.

This is the story of how the results of a horse race affect the fortunes of a whole raft of messy people. There is the young bridegroom who wishes to recoup money he has stolen from the firm; the former mistress of a bookmaker wagering her marital honor (!) on the winner; a couple of crooks out to pyramid their stealings; a colored bell hop who invents a can't-lose system at the expense of his friends; and, finally, the romance of a horse owner's daughter with the jockey of a rival.

The bridegroom loses his bet, but a sentimental detective, wishing to free the young absconder, turns over to him five thousand dollars he has taken from the dying crook, who in turn has frisked his murdered moll. Jack Oakie is funny as a radio crooner.

★ THE MIND READER

CAST

Chandra, Warren William; Sylvia, Constance Cummings; Frank, Allen Jenkins; Mrs. Austin, Natalie Moorhead; Senny, Mayo Methot; Sam, Clarence Muse; Don, Earle Foxe.

Directed by Roy Del Ruth.
Produced by First National.

Psychic fakers are now on the pan. First The Great Jasper shows us the astrologic racket; this one the fake mind reader. Warren William has done everything from painless dentistry to flagpole sitting; but, learning that the public spends $125,000,000 a year on fortune tellers, he goes in for crystal gazing.

The audience writes questions. Clarence Muse pretends to burn them, but shoots them to Allen Jenkins beneath the stage, who phones them up to Warren. Constance Cummings attends, and asks where to find her mother's pocketbook. As Allen had frisked it, its return is easy.

Love. Marriage. Warren promises to go straight, fails, and returns to high-class faking. Allen bribing chauffeurs to spill the dirt on rich patrons. An outraged husband is killed. Warren scrams to Mexico. When Constance is tried for murder, Warren returns and takes the rap.

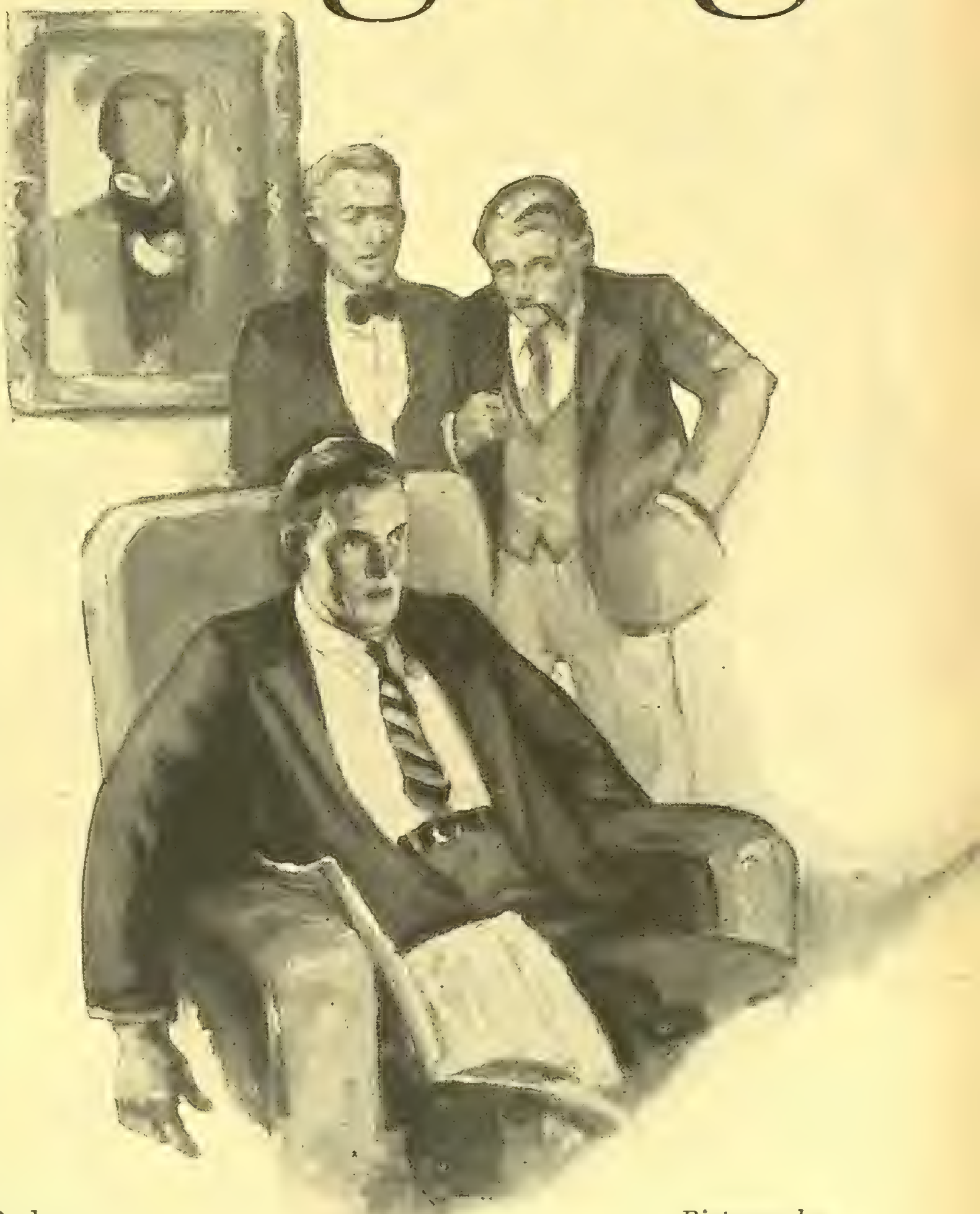
The gags and human interest by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord are better than the story.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round.

★★★—The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins.

The Avenging



Pictures by
MORTIMER
WILSON, JR.

By JEROME BARRY

(Reading time: 21 minutes 40 seconds.)

AS Paula Dow sat there in that hot, still room, green with light from the level lawns, heavy with the summer that lay over the Mohawk Valley, there was an intent purpose in her eyes that made them for all the world like those of the portrait of old Jared Dow over her head.

She loved John Latham, and yet she was not going to Manila with him. He sat near her now, a big, brown, earnest man, still as steadily intent on winning her over as he had been during these last few months of his leave at home in Mataunit. And because she had come to love him, she felt that he should know, and she told him of Malcolm Ryder and his deliberate treason.

They both knew—Latham and the girl—that in a little while Ryder would be coming there.

As John Latham listened to Paula's level voice, he laced his strong tanned fingers together and stared at the painting of old Jared on the wall over the settle of Colonial maple. It was a crude thing, that painting. Almost a daub. Yet the nameless painter had drawn the straight-lipped, high-stocked figure in the snuff-colored coat with a crudely childish simplicity that somehow conveyed its hard, rigorous integrity better than a more fluent brush.

For decades the old portrait had lain neglected in the attic, Jared's children having learned it wasn't art. Now suddenly it had come to light again. It was, the vogue proclaimed, an American primitive. It had been on exhibition. Paula, at the time, had told Latham something of the story of Colonel Jared Dow: how his daughter had run away with a married man, a mill owner from up the river; and how Jared, following them, had shot the man coldly down. Honest, savage, and forthright.

Very much alike, Latham thought—the hard old stare of the painting and Paula's level, intense blue gaze as she told him steadily about Malcolm Ryder.

Ryder, the brilliant young jurist who had been for the last two years the youngest of the judges in the district. Every week-end he had driven up from the city. He spoke of his wife with gentle patience. She was insane. It was quite hopeless. Schizophrenia. Her family felt an unreasoning bitterness toward him, which made it harder to bear. Very hard, indeed. His career, his ideals, his future—all were at stake, he said. Paula could save them for him, if she only would; and he would carry on, strengthened and restored by her.

He made a touching picture of it—a most gallant picture.

How well Latham knew the strength of an appeal like that to the Paula of old. Six years ago, before he went away to Manila, there had been hardly a summer day when she didn't come scampering through the hedge with some breathless confidence for him. Hardly out of the hoyden age, with a triangular gash in her dress or a pair of skinned knees half the time. She was a flyaway golden imp, full of a clear, honest courage, reckless of self. When he fell over the bluff, breaking his leg, she had sent the others for help and slid down to his side to aid him, risking death. Well, Ryder, that brilliant young man, hadn't scrupled to turn a fine, headlong young courage to his own coolly considered ends.

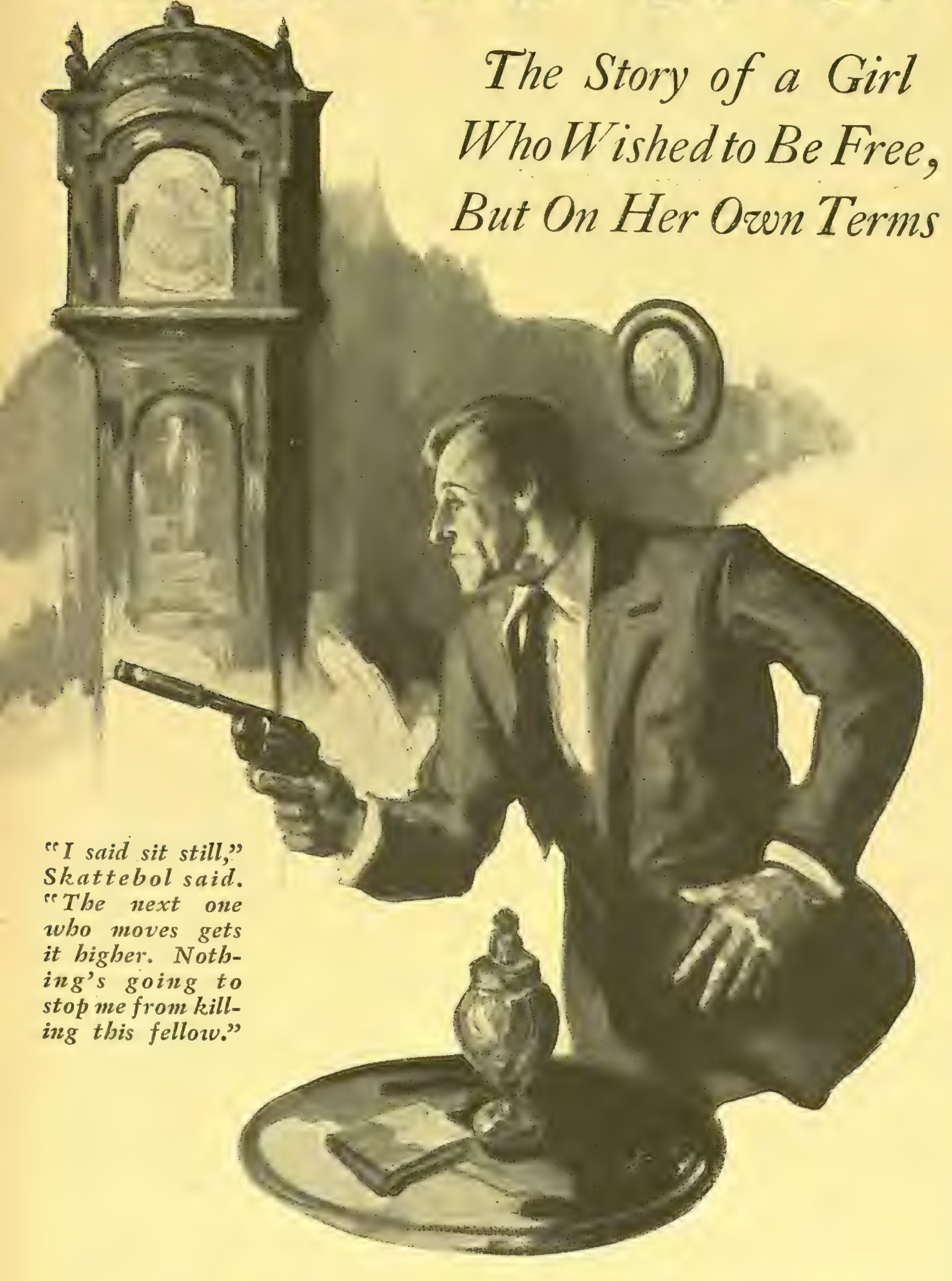
"And in the end you found him out," Latham said grimly.

"I learned this spring that he has been one of a ring who have been looting solvent businesses. They buy up the claims of a few creditors; the case in bankruptcy comes before him. He appoints a confederate as referee. . . ."

Latham moved his big hand as if brushing something aside. His face, under rough, dark brows, was blocky and firm. A man, one would say, who drove ahead to his object with straightforward and honest violence. At this moment he had one dominating thought: she must come back with him to Manila. This new and mature Paula, complete and desirable, meant even more to him than the

Intruder

The Story of a Girl Who Wished to Be Free, But On Her Own Terms



"I said sit still," Skattebol said. "The next one who moves gets it higher. Nothing's going to stop me from killing this fellow."

helter-skelter imp of years ago. She meant everything.

He said, "Paula, there's a house in Manila, out Ermita way. High and cool, with a garden behind it. A hedge of *violetas;* and scarlet poinsettias as bright as flames—*bandera Española,* they call them. What's happened doesn't matter. I thought we'd learned nowadays to accept human mistakes as part of life."

She rose and went to the table by the window for a cigarette.

"Values change, don't they?" she said lightly. "Old Jared shot his man. Grandfather would have horsewhipped him. Dad would be quietly heartbroken. You and I agree that mistakes are human."

Latham followed his purpose. He stepped to her side. "There's a flower in that garden, Paula, called *dama de noche*—lady of night. When the dusk comes down, it turns the air into a great pool of sweetness. There are bandurrias playing— Forget Malcolm Ryder. You've just granted that all there is to do now is simply not to mind what has—"

"Not mind?" Paula whipped around and faced him. "He laughed!"

Once more Latham stared into the eyes of the painting in Paula's lovely face. Fierce in their anger, convinced and unrelenting.

"When I broke with him, he was frankly amused. He said I had been—too easy. . . . He laughed, and," she said, "he laughs. You'll see it in his eyes when he comes in."

Beyond the cave of veranda three men walked up the path.

Latham said, moving his strong fingers slowly, "I shall talk to him. After I've finished with him, you may be willing to come away with me."

Paula answered quietly, "Nothing you could do would be any use, John. I was free to do as I chose. Whatever is done now I must do."

"YOU'RE still free—to come away with me."

"Free to run from a mocking smile, from triumphant cheapness," she said, "and free to see it clearly still from ten thousand miles away. If we had both been honest, and one of us mistaken, there would be nothing but the pain of regret. That can be forgotten and left behind. But to give for what's finest and be laughed at as a dupe! I tell you I must be free of that; and if it's done—ever—I must do it myself."

They turned from the window as the three men entered the room.

There were Paula's father, and Dr. Cunningham, and Malcolm Ryder.

"Paula, girl, it's hot," Harvey Dow said. He settled his tall leanness in a Windsor chair and wiped his high white forehead and flat flushed cheek bones. "The bank was like an oven, and the club like a grill. We thought it would be cooler here. Hello, John."

Latham, watching Malcolm Ryder's handsome brown eyes, clenched a hand savagely in his pocket. There was no doubt of it. They had greeted Paula, and laughed. Laughed gayly, amusedly, insolently, in the instant of his easy salutation, before passing on.

"I tell you, Harvey, I knew the man," insisted the stout, talkative little doctor. "Saw him only once, fifteen years ago, but as soon as I saw him today I waved. And be blessed if he didn't disappear like a bug down a— Wait! I knew I'd remember his name if I'd time.

Skattebol, his name was. It's Scandiperuvian, or something."

Ryder looked quickly from a magazine he was leafing through idly. Latham saw that the faint mocking smile had quite left the charming brown eyes. Something that might be alarm had taken its place.

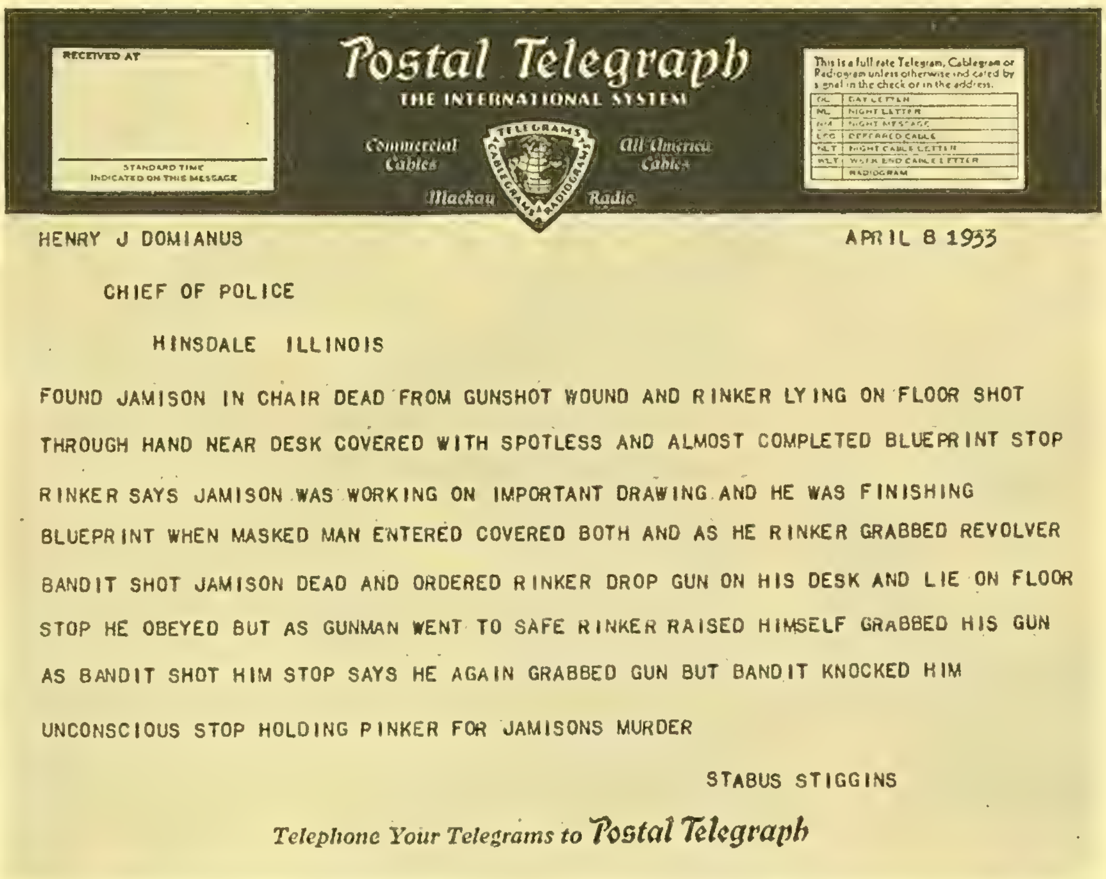
"Fifteen years," Ryder said, "is a long time to remember a man if you saw him only once, doctor."

"Says the authority on evidence. A psychologist, my juridic friend, would remind you that it's the intensity of an impression—"

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. RIPLEY


RECEIVED AT
STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE
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Commercial Cables
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TELEGRAMS
CABLEGRAMS
RADIOGRAMS

HENRY J DOMIANUS APRIL 8 1933

CHIEF OF POLICE

HINSDALE ILLINOIS

FOUND JAMISON IN CHAIR DEAD FROM GUNSHOT WOUND AND RINKER LYING ON FLOOR SHOT THROUGH HAND NEAR DESK COVERED WITH SPOTLESS AND ALMOST COMPLETED BLUEPRINT STOP RINKER SAYS JAMISON WAS WORKING ON IMPORTANT DRAWING AND HE WAS FINISHING BLUEPRINT WHEN MASKED MAN ENTERED COVERED BOTH AND AS HE RINKER GRABBED REVOLVER BANDIT SHOT JAMISON DEAD AND ORDERED RINKER DROP GUN ON HIS DESK AND LIE ON FLOOR STOP HE OBEYED BUT AS GUNMAN WENT TO SAFE RINKER RAISED HIMSELF GRABBED HIS GUN AS BANDIT SHOT HIM STOP SAYS HE AGAIN GRABBED GUN BUT BANDIT KNOCKED HIM UNCONSCIOUS STOP HOLDING PINKER FOR JAMISONS MURDER

STABUS STIGGINS

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

Would You Have Done So? Why? The solution will appear next week.

"Less science and more human interest," Harvey Dow prompted. "What was odd enough to make you remember him after fifteen years?"

"Why, I'd heard an outfit from around Albany had hit camp, and I went to see if any of our local boys were in it. There weren't any, as it happened, and I was chatting with one of the medics when a voice began to yell, 'He gave me quinine! By Joe, I'll kill him!' There were a lot of flu cases laid out on cots, and here was this lad sitting up raving like a maniac. He was a tall, likely-looking chap, with neat, straight, Souwegian hair, the color of damp hay. Heavy pouches under his eyes, and you could see them turn black. His face was covered with pink splotches and he was clawing at the air with fingers swollen like bananas. He got out of the cot and started for the lieutenant that was on duty. There was murder in his face, all right. But he stumbled over something and fell; he'd gone blind as a bat in a second. Was that young medic scared? Thought he'd poisoned him." Cunningham chuckled meatily.

"And what had really happened?" Paula asked.

"Oh, the lad was poisoned, but in a queer way. He'd warned the lieutenant that quinine made him sick, but the lieutenant just grinned and filled him full of it. In less than ten minutes he was splotched, blind, swollen, and dog-sick. Got over it finally, though. Nice lad, but a little on the neurotic side. I shouldn't be surprised if he later turned out to be a candidate for shell shock. They told me it was two days before they could talk him out of wanting to kill that lieutenant. . . . When did you know him, Ryder?"

"I? What makes you think I did?"

"Well, he was from near Albany, and you jumped when I mentioned his name." There were sharp eyes in the little chatterbox's head.

Ryder's manner was carelessly offhand; but his voice was not right, and his lips were a grayish pink.

"Jumped? You're exaggerating a trifle. I was reminded of a similar name in a case that came before me a while ago. Coincidence, of course."

"It's a coincidence," Harvey Dow said, "that as we came up the walk the doctor was talking about something in a bucket of ice just when I was thinking of the same thing. I wonder if our lady chatelaine couldn't take a hint? Something with a lot of lemon and mint and ice?"

"Nettie's away," Paula said, "but I'll see what I can do."

The light from the window at the bend of the stairs cast a brief brightness upon her. The doctor and his host talked drowsily of the merits of the newest new ball; but Ryder's hand, turning pages slowly, was not yet steady. He was afraid of something. Deathly afraid.

But was he, Latham thought grimly, afraid of the right thing? They would go outside now, they two; and they would talk. What he would do, Latham did not know. Only two things he did know: that a steady flame beat in his temples, and that this man stood between him and all that he wanted.

He laid a heavy hand on Ryder's shoulder. The man jumped.

"Ryder," he muttered harshly, "come outside."

He nodded toward the window. Then he paused. A man stood there, looking in. One long leg lifted, and then the other, and the man was in the room. He had hair like wet straw, and faintly bluish pouches under quick, bright eyes. In one hand he held a pistol.

Harvey Dow said calmly, "Just what does this mean?"

The doctor said, "Hello, Skattebol."

Ryder sat very still and watched the newcomer with wide eyes and shapely lips fallen slightly open.

Skattebol looked hot and exhausted.

"Sit down, please," he said to Latham, and followed him with the point of his weapon as he slowly obeyed. The pistol carried the clumsy cylinder of a silencer.

Skattebol himself sat down warily, straddling a straight chair. He said, "Hello, doc. I knew you, of course, from seeing you around, but I hoped you hadn't recognized me this morning. Don't move, anybody. This isn't robbery, I assure you. I've merely come here to do society a favor."

The man's hand rested steadily on the chair back. Latham could hear his tongue click dryly against the roof of his mouth whenever he began a phrase.

"I'm relieved to hear you're not a robber," Harvey Dow said. "I'll be still more relieved when you leave this house. I hardly think you've any business here."

"I have business here," the man said. He seemed involved in a tortuous compulsion to talk, to explain himself.

"I have business here," he said. "I'm going to rid the community I come from of an undesirable. He's ruined me and dozens of other men—innocent and honest, all of them. I've lost business, future, home, and family, all to put a few dollars in the pockets of him and his clique. He's clever! Too clever to be got at. Except by this." He rapped the pistol once on the back of the chair. "Judge Ryder, you're in the dock. Plead your way out of a bullet."

With both hands flat on the forgotten magazine, Ryder pressed himself erect in his chair and laughed shakily. "Don't be an idiot, Skattebol. There are witnesses here. You'll go to the chair for murder."

"If I were a murderer I would have crept and shot you in the back. I am an executioner. I wanted you to know death was coming, to know who was meting out justice to you, to see it facing you at the last. I warned you beforehand. You set the police to catch me and slipped off here to Mataunit to be out of my way. I know your habits too well. I've found you before the police found me; afterward they can try to catch me. I'll lead them a chase." The feverish gray eyes roamed incessantly, warningly, from one to another of the four men who sat there still.

Almost with surprise, Latham found himself sliding gently forward to the edge of his chair, shifting his weight gradually to his feet. In another moment he would rush Skattebol.

Queer. By now his hands might have been under Ryder's chin, bending his head back—back— All he had to do was just to sit still. But there was something enormously different about watching a man shot in the coldest of blood. Foolish, but inevitable. He would probably he shot himself, but the doctor and Paula's father were quick in the uptake. They would follow him and be all over Skattebol in a second.

The pistol leveled and puffed with the faint crack of a cap pistol. A bullet crashed through Latham's foot.

"I said to sit still," Skattebol said. "The next one who moves gets it higher. Nothing's going to stop me from killing this fellow."

"Skattebol, listen!" Ryder cried unsteadily. "Why should you kill me? There's not a cent of your money can be traced to me."

"Of course there isn't. Clever man. But you became director and backer of a bank, and all the money involved is deposited there—all the money of the businesses you wreck. That's your return from the piracy, the scuttling of years of honest work, the breaking of men's lives. Ryder, I'm not a murderer; I'm an executioner. In a very few words I shall make it clear to these gentlemen what you did to me. Then, Ryder, I shall shoot you through the head."

Ryder's face was growing gray and old, but Latham forgot to watch it, forgot the pain that was surging up his helpless leg. Something had happened, something ever so slight yet dreadfully momentous. An inch of silver tray had come into his view. No one else in the room could see it. An inch of silver, a speck of white cloth, a segment of the rim of a glass, all hanging quite motionless in the air.

She had heard, of course. She could not have missed the last ominous pronouncement of that high, strained voice. She was standing, thinking, beyond a doubt, of what to do. Telephone? Her voice would surely be heard through open doors and windows, would precipitate the crisis at once. There was only one way. She must go at once, softly, and summon help.

The man Skattebol talked, shrilly, painfully. The parched drip of his words seemed unending. And at last that inch of silver moved. It moved—toward the room. Grew into half a foot, and stopped, waiting again. And Latham understood. He knew what was passing in that silent hall—the meaning of the movement and the pause.

"I must be free of that," she had said, "and if it's done—ever—I must do it myself." If she slipped away and summoned help nothing would be solved, nothing changed. Latham would leave for Manila, alone; and she would remain, unfreed. But what simpler than to walk into the room, innocent, unaware? What simpler than to become another prisoner, unable to do more than let

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tragedy take its course? Only in her would be the bitter, purging knowledge that she had held a life in her slim fingers to carry to safety, and had coolly borne it back into this room to see it destroyed—to see fulfilled thereby whatever dark claim unpaid had bound her there. No one else would know. No one who had not seen the bright edge of a hesitant tray. She would be free then to come or go. She could listen at last to the tale of a garden full of rich color and heavy-scented peace.

The agony of his smashed foot was making Latham dizzy. He could not bear to watch that silver signal. Suddenly it bore for him an immense significance; it carried the whole weight of the purpose that had filled his mind these last two months. He could do no more; everything was being decided beyond that doorway. He forced his gaze away, made himself look at Skattebol, at Ryder.

The handsome brown eyes were dull with mortal panic. "Skattebol, I grant it. I've wronged you. But, for God's sake—for God's sake—"

Directly above his head on the wall Jared Dow, still clear in the growing gloom, fixed an icy gaze upon Ryder's back. Blue eyes in an ancient daub, and blue eyes in a lovely living face. Were they the same? Primitive both?

Latham could hold out no longer. His glance drew around against his will, until the doorway lay once more in its field. The tray was slowly withdrawing. It had gone, and the doorway was empty.

That was to be the way of it, then. Ryder would live, and all go on unchanged. And suddenly Latham felt his heart relax its pounding in his throat. The soft breath he took was one of relief. Only now he realized how desperately he had been willing that she would choose this way. This grown and bewildering stranger whom he loved—in her, a woman and modern, old Jared, a man and a primitive, might live again after a century, with his direct and self-responsible vehemence. But his way would surely have been the open, the honest, the unsubtle way. One could not conceive him betraying and destroying an enemy by smooth silence under this rooftree.

IT was better so, Latham thought bitterly. He realized at last that in this tangle of obscure purposes his crudely headlong determination had been tripped and baffled. There had been no possibility of a fortunate ending to it for him. Suppose in his rage he had killed Ryder. Different, that, from defending one's life against an armed half-savage. They'd call it murder. . . . And even if Paula had let Ryder die, what happiness could they have based upon a deliberate betrayal? Even if she had come into this room . . .

And in a moment the room drew in upon him. The walls, the ceiling, were evil weights in the sultry twilight, and everything in the world was false and frail. For only a second—the less than a second of his swiftly ordered thoughts—had the doorway remained empty. Now Paula walked steadily through it with her tray of drinks. What he had mistaken for a decision had been no more than a final fleeting vacillation.

She seemed too absorbed in her task to notice the newcomer. Skattebol's high voice had ceased abruptly, and he watched her with sharp mistrust, running a slow tongue stickily over his dry lips.

"I'll let you try yours first, mine host. Please approve it before we inflict it on our guests. I think you'll find it very, very good." Her words, incredibly, were light, crystal clear, playful.

QUITE calmly Harvey Dow accepted a glass from the tray and sipped from it appraisingly.

"It's wet, my dear," he said, smacking his lips judicially, "and it's very cold, and it's in all ways perfect. Officially approved."

She turned to Latham, and her eyes sought his. In them he seemed to read an urgent plea—for understanding; even, perhaps, for forgiveness. Had she guessed what he had seen? He could not read her message clearly; and his own eyes, his features, even if he had willed it, could have given her no answer.

He set the thin cold edge of a glass to his lips. After a second he nodded slowly and spoke with measured politeness, although his face was wet with pain. "Delicious. Makes it quite worth while to acquire a raging thirst." But the words were bitter in his mouth.

Paula turned away toward the others, and then, just as she passed before Skattebol, seemed to see him for the first time. He had covered the pistol with his other hand and sleeve, and was watching her closely.

"My dear, this is Mr. Skattebol," Harvey Dow said, as she paused. "He has just come among us rather unexpectedly."

Paula smiled at the man. "I'll go prepare a potion for you immediately," she said, and went on to Dr. Cunningham.

"Stop!" Skattebol said sharply, uncovering the pistol. "Give me one of those. I'm choking. Then go sit down and remain perfectly quiet."

She obeyed him, a faithful similitude of bewilderment rounding her red mouth. His eyes stared warily over the glass he had caught up from the tray, as he drained it in three swift gulps. He shuddered a little, and wrinkled his nose, after the fashion of a sot gulping his morning drink. "Anyway it's cold and wet," he said. "Listen. I'm going to get this over before anyone else comes in. Ryder, you're through."

"Give him just a second while I ask you this one question," Harvey Dow said. "He has admitted enough to show that you have had grave cause for resentment. Suppose he pledges himself to make restitution, as far as possible, and to resign from the bench at once?"

"I will! I will!" Ryder breathed. His face was ugly with fear and abject hope. Promises, eager and voluble, flowed from him.

Skattebol listened grimly for a while and then raised a peremptory hand. "No," he said harshly to Harvey Dow. "What restitution could he make? Money, yes. But what about the rest?" The taut voice twanged on, high and vindictive, through the long catalogue of grievance and hate. He was working himself up again, it was plain, to the deadly pitch that Paula's entrance had broken.

He rose to his feet and pointed the weapon. "This is the end, Ryder. I'm giving you the same mercy that you gave—" Then he paused for a second and his head dropped. "God," he said softly, "I'm sick."

There were red spots on his face, and his eyes were closing above pouches as purple as grape skins. The pistol wavered clumsily in his thickened fingers. Suddenly, with a labored effort, he straightened himself and steadied it.

Cunningham leaned forward in his chair. There was no other movement in that room.

"No! No!" Ryder panted. "Don't move toward him. He'll shoot me!"

Skattebol flung the pistol at Ryder's voice and sank into the chair.

"Damn' fool," he whispered. "I can't see you."

Ryder sprang to his feet with a gasp of joy, but Harvey Dow, standing before him, halted him.

"Don't forget," he said coldly, "that you made a promise to this man if he spared your life. Whether it was his choice that saved you or not, I should advise you to keep that promise. I think it will be better."

His high white forehead and flat cheeks wore the stern, menacing purpose of the crude old figure that faced him across Ryder's shoulder. . . .

In the garden, where Paula sat beside Latham, helping to make comfortable the foot that Dr. Cunningham had bandaged, dusk was still an hour of high blue summer evening away.

"You were wonderful, John," she said. "Both you and dad. Of course, I had to put it in all the glasses, to be quite sure, and I tried to signal you as well as I could to be on guard and not give me away."

"I knew at once when I tasted it. Poor Skattebol gulped it down so fast that I suppose it just seemed like another touch of bad liquor to him. But, Paula, my dear, I'm abject. I saw you hesitate in the hall, and I thought— How can I tell you? I thought you knew and were going to let him— I was stupid enough to doubt—"

She pressed his arm. "Don't. You see, I really almost failed you. I had already dosed the glasses with quinine and was ready to go in, when you saw me. And I suddenly wanted to go away, and let whatever was going to happen take its course. For one moment it seemed a way out. I can see now that it wasn't. I'd have freed myself; but we couldn't have gone on, looking back on that."

"No, it would never have done," he said, his voice heavy with the dark peace that comes with the passing of rancor and of hope. "The old colonel killed his man, but he'd never have betrayed him."

"Jared? He didn't kill anyone," Paula corrected him gently. "He shot the mill owner through the body, but the man lived. He was brought here and nursed to health, though Jared never spoke a word to him until he was well enough to be sent away."

"That's quite in keeping," Latham said.

Paula plucked three leaves from the low branch of a cherry tree and crushed them in her fingers.

"I'd have given a great deal if you could have come with me when I go," he said, "but I'd rather it was this way. Some day, perhaps, you may feel yourself free—"

She turned suddenly and faced him with wide eyes. "Don't you see, John? I held his life—like this. To give or withhold. I heard him beg for it, terrified and despairing. And I gave it to him. Will he ever forget that, do you think? My dear, I'm free."

THE END

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New Calendar?

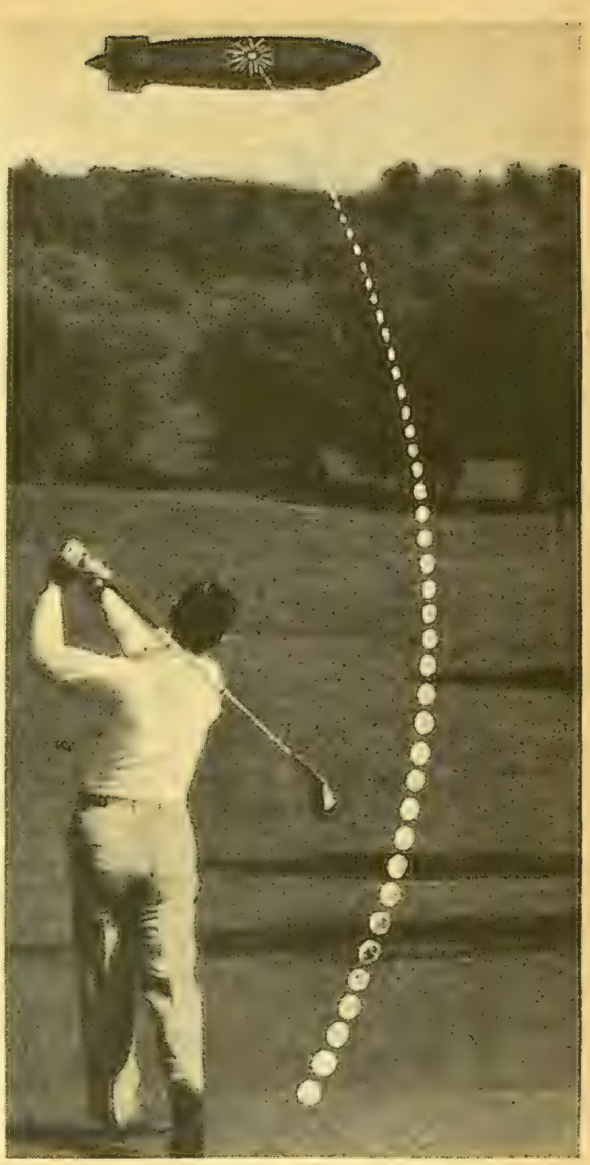
"OF course I'm thirteen months older than you," argued Jimmie to his younger sister Jeanette.

"Well," replied the latter, looking puzzled, "I'll have to ask mother. I don't see how you can be thirteen months older when there are only twelve months in a year!"—Mrs. J. Nathan, 219 Sullivan Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

She Had a Book

PATSY, in the midst of a birthday party, was opening her presents, among which were three books. The last little girl to arrive had her present under her arm.

Patsy slowly undid the wrapping. Then a look of disgust spread over her face and she muttered, "My God! Another book!"—Mrs. H. H. Henricks, 120 Cadillac Blvd., Youngstown, Ohio.



fore!

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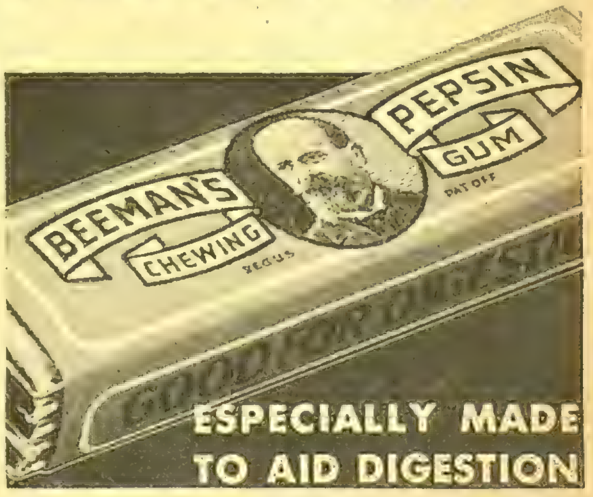


"Wine, Women,

A United States Marine Officer Describes the French Foreign Legion As He Saw It and Scores Its Critics

(Reading time: 16 minutes 40 seconds.)

I FOUND the Seventh Company of the Fourth Regiment of the French Foreign Legion at the isolated post of Foum-es-Kouss, guarding a mountain pass on the age-old caravan road from the Sahara to the coast. Twenty kilometers to the north the mobile groups of General Huré were tightening the circle of steel about the dissident tribes of the Grand Atlas that, like incurably bad boys, still thumbed their noses against the Sultan of Morocco and the majesty of France. Twenty to the south lay the steel-blue hills of the Anti-Atlas and its fierce nomadic tribes. Across that strip of mountain desert nomads had raided a few days before, and we had seen the stretches of cut telephone wire and burnt poles. Foum-es-Kouss' walls bore the lead-colored splashes from those smuggled rifles. It was 122° in the shade on the noon of that July day of 1932. Down the road dust storms tore like unleashed tornadoes.

Always on my swing south to witness the operations in the Grand Atlas I had seen many Legionnaires on detached duty or in permanent garrison, but their officers had smiled wisely and said: "But, *mon colonel,* you must go to the *bled* to see the true Legion!"

Foum-es-Kouss—Allah be praised!—was in the heart of the *bled,* the far interior of Morocco. The welcoming strains of a bugle sounded from the tower of its blockhouse before our armored-car escort came to a slithering halt. Surely, I thought, here I will find the true Legion. Not the Legion of the screen or fiction, but an infantry company of aliens from a score of countries serving France in a post of grim isolation, faced on both sides by enemy country. Serving in a post whose security was limited by the bands of barbed wire at its base, whose water had to be packed seven kilometers on mule-back, and oftener than not under fire.

What would be the morale of that company, its discipline, its spirit? Did those grim walls shelter a company of outcasts, men of sullen mien with the stamp of criminal on their faces, bitterness in their eyes, held in check only by the black whips and driving fists of burly Prussian sergeants?

The author, Col. Frank E. Evans.

A guard of honor, immaculate in worn khaki, kepis of red and blue tilted slightly over the right eye, the famous twelve-foot-long blue woolen sash beneath highly polished belts, came to a smart salute as we passed through the gates. I passed scrutinizingly down that line of immobile men with their hard-won decorations and then I turned to Captain Gaspard. "*Mon capitaine,*" I said, "you have here a *belle troupe!*" That, I knew, was a high compliment to pay a French command. There was a flicker of pride in the eyes of that impassive guard. Gaspard's masterful blue eyes lighted up, and there was a bit of the rasp of the barracks-square command in his voice: "Yes, *mon colonel, une belle troupe!*"

Then and thereafter in my 4,500 miles of travel in two months that serene, instant answer of an officer of the Legion was as automatic as that of its men when you spoke of the fame of the Foreign Legion in the United States. "Yes, *mon colonel,* the Legion, it is the *première au monde!*" To them it was, as they had had it instilled into their fiber from the first day they had donned its picturesque uniform, the first and finest military organization in the world.

In company with the bronzed, dynamic Gaspard we inspected every nook and cranny of his eighty-per-cent completed post. Every one of its installations was spotless as the compartment of a Yankee battleship, and there is no cleaner thing on this footstool. But of greater interest to me were the Legionnaires themselves. Those on duty were immaculate in the uniform of the day, but their mates were generally stripped to the waist and blackened by the sun. Their kepis may have been battered and their khaki faded to almost white, but they wore them with a jaunty bearing. Here and there men straightened up from laying a bit of masonry to elevate the walls still higher against raiders' bullets; from shaping lumber into doors and window sashes; or a glazier plied his trade. The post had the atmosphere of a beehive, and the bees were men of superb physique, clear skin, and challenging eyes. Their eyes sought mine to hold my regard and return it with a gay insouciance, a merry twinkle that seemed to say: "It is we, the Legion—and you, the American colonel, have you seen better soldiers in any part of the world?"

"There," said Gaspard as we made the rounds, and pointed with his swagger stick, "is a German, there a Pole, a Russian, a Dane." To me their individual nationalities were secret, and so it was throughout my stay in Morocco, for the Legion early puts its stamp and its inescapable mold on these men of alien lands.

We dropped anchor in the *popotte,* or officers' club, its stone-flagged deck three feet below the surface of the parade ground for added coolness. In the open stone arches that gave out upon the parade ground hung bottles wrapped in water-soaked burlap or red flannel to keep them cool through evaporation. I began to tell Captain Gaspard and his lieutenants, one a service-wise Legionnaire, the other a handsome, smiling lad but two months out of St. Cyr, my impressions colored by thirty-odd years in the marines.

"To me," I said, and I raised a glass of the purple wine that is a daily item of the Legionnaire's ration, "it is remarkable how shipshape everything is, how fit and apparently happy your men are. In a city garrison I would have expected it, but in this sun-blistered, isolated post it is little short of a miracle! What is the secret of it?—for without morale soldiers are like empty bottles."

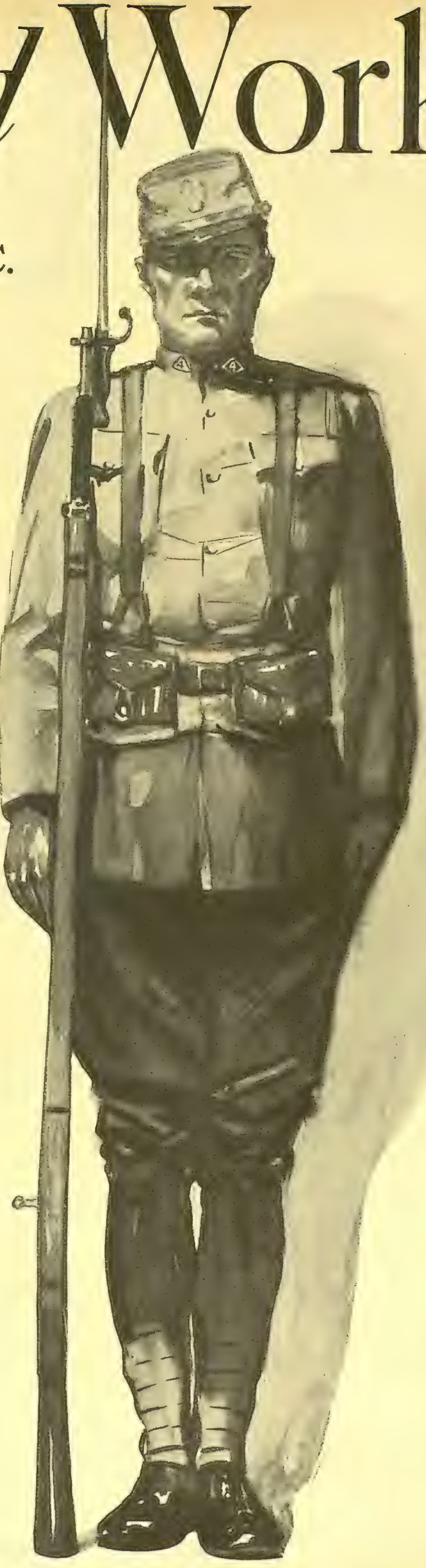
Outside a quartet had lifted well blended voices in a Rhine chorus. A jazz orchestra, built around a harmonica with many little gadgets, had followed with a gay French music-hall hit.

"It is not difficult, that morale," said Gaspard, "if you feed your men well; if they get a half liter of good Moroccan wine daily with their meals and may buy more; if they are kept at useful, constructive work when they are not fighting; and if they have proper recreation."

Outside, not more than fifty yards away, was a

War, *and* Work"

By COLONEL FRANK E. EVANS, U.S.M.C.



Marabout tent, so called from its likeness in color and form to the white, conical tombs to the holy men that dot Morocco. I had thought it a quartermaster's store tent pitched in the parade ground of the incompleted post. The tent flap parted and a head stuck out. Across the blazing parade ground an Arab girl clad in gorgeous silks, with bracelets and bangles shimmering in the sun, smiled at me and disappeared. She was undeniably pretty and the captain caught my answering smile and the chorus of giggles from the tent.

"Your slogan in the Legion," I ventured, "is Wine, Women, War, and Work!"

"And in your American service?" asked Gaspard.

"Work!"

I shall never forget that look of mingled incredulity and pity in the faces of those three officers of the Legion. I think it was the St. Cyr youngster who gave the nearest bottle a "fair wind" in my direction. Outside a ringing barytone voice began that spirited and yet wistful Hymn of the Legion, a hymn through which runs the refrain of a century of combats in which the Legion has spared neither sufferings nor its blood.

A Legionnaire stepped into the grateful shade of the *popotte*. He was stripped to the waist and his shoulder muscles rippled as his sun-blackened hand shot to the brim of his kepi in that wholly indescribable jaunty salute of the Legion. I judged from his sardonic eyes and the mocking lift at the corners of his mouth that he was a Latin, a youngster barely out of his teens. Latin, Serb, or Dane, he was a merry-andrew who could make a comfortable living on the vaudeville stage. First he swallowed my watch, holding a gaping throat open for fruitless inspection. A moment later and it was in a prosaic sock which the Legionnaire was beating furiously against the masonry walls; yet the watch was returned to me intact. He treated two eggs in the same manner and then swallowed five links of heavy chain, which duly reappeared. A courtly bow and he left, and the jazz band signaled his return with a gay burst of music. It was evident that a Yankee colonel of marines did not visit the Legion in the *bled* every day.

IT was the jazz band that preceded us to the gates when my time came to leave for Tinghir, headquarters of the battalion. A halt to be photographed in its midst, another salute from the guard, and we were on the road. From the eastern bastion of Foum-es-Kouss came the invariable hail and farewell of the Legion in the silvery notes of a bugle: "*Tiens! Voilà du boudin! Voilà du boudin!*" The taunting refrain of the Legion's favorite song when it takes the road to shed its alien blood for France. Yes, I am frank to confess that I left a bit of my heart behind at Foum-es-Kouss with its rollicking crew.

Tinghir was an hour's run over the desert road, with a pale-yellow armored car ahead, and another at our rear. The black muzzle of a seventy-five pointed to the east from the upper story of its stone blockhouse, and Hotchkiss machine guns through the loopholes of its four bastions. Its slopes were heavily wired. Two companies of infantry and a machine-gun section were quartered here, and the remaining company of the battalion 200 kilometers to the south by road, and one half that distance by airline. Still farther to the southwest, they told me, was Aqqa, the loneliest post in all Morocco. There the heat, isolation, and maddening dust storms make it im-

A canteen of the Legion at Sidi-bel-Abbès.

perative to relieve the garrison every four months. The Legion will fight to its last man but it does not expend its men with brutal prodigality. Expertly trained men are not produced from a battered kepi like rabbits from a silk hat.

Save for the difference in its strength Commandant Aurisse's post was Foum-es-Kouss in essential details. Everywhere that same intangible sense of an outfit keyed to the moment and poised for flight, whether its goal was battle or a two weeks' march to erect a new fortress on a bare Moroccan hill. Here I joined its ranking non-commissioned officers for an *apéritif* in their separate mess. On the screen, and in lurid fiction, a Legion post in the *bled* is the threshold to hell, and its guardians are bull-necked, burly Prussian sergeants. At Tinghir I found them an alert, keen, masterful lot. Their respective nationalities were a closed book to me but, with one third of the Legion recruited from Germany, there must have been a goodly proportion of German birth. Later, in my two visits to the front, there was hardly a day that I was not their guest. At Sidi-bel-Abbès, headquarters of the Legion in Algeria, I must have seen fivescore of them in that vast training depot. Sergeants are notoriously hard-boiled the world over, but I have yet to see in the Foreign Legion a prototype of the whip-lashing Sergeant Lejaune of Beau Geste ill fame.

Legionnaires building a fortified post in the interior of Morocco.

Likewise I have yet to see one of the black whips that whistle through every page of some tales of the Legion, or on hundreds of bare backs the scars of those legendary whips.

That night a tall, bronzed Legionnaire serenaded us in three languages. As his clear tenor ended, a group back in the shadows began one of those German choruses that haunt one with their breath of nostalgia, and a Russian group followed with the thundering chorus of the Volga Boat Song. Three pretty Arab girls danced with dipping, swaying bodies and sang plaintive Berber songs in high-pitched, wailing voices that soon held an unexpected charm. There were purple lights in the glasses of Moroccan wine. Overhead was a tapestry of great golden stars and the fleecy veil of the Milky Way. In the shadows Legionnaires were singing the ballads of many lands.

So ended my first day with the real French Foreign Legion in the *bled* of Mother Africa.

It is mainly through a bitter propaganda "Made in Germany" that the impression is so prevalent that the Legion is recruited almost exclusively from the criminal classes. British deserters, who are notoriously regarded throughout their service as lachrymose cusses by their mates, have run a close second to its German detractors. Even the staid House of Commons, egged on from the latter source, stormed for two days because three British Legionnaires had had the misfortune of war to stop fatal bullets in the Riff campaign, and the most vociferous of the little band of English deserters is even now endeavoring to commit the august League of Nations to the suppression of the Legion.

Undoubtedly the Foreign Legion harbors its quota of criminals. Yet I can conceive no unhappier haven for the vicious or degraded type. The gangster is notoriously unfitted for military service with his dissipation-weakened physique, his contempt for discipline, and his cowardly creed, and the Legion makes stern physical and mental demands. At Marseilles, where all recruits must pass through the depot at Fort St. Jean before embarking for Africa, international detectives scan the motley arrivals, alert to intercept wanted men. If they succeed in running that gantlet there lies before them the stern crucible of Sidi-bel-Abbès with its rigid discipline and unending recruit drills and marches.

It is worthy of note that since the World War the Legion has been increased 250 per cent to its present strength of 25,000. It rejects thousands annually, for the Legion never lacks applicants and ruthlessly scraps the weakling or the incorrigible. The former makes his exit by medical survey; the latter soon finds himself either in the disciplinary prison at Colomb-Bechar on the edge of the Saharan desert, or, if his crime has been of heinous proportions, such as murder, sentenced to the penal colony of French Guiana.

There are three main classes of recruits who storm in increasing numbers at the Legion's gates: the army of unemployed, the adventurous drawn by its glamour, and the men who have been tricked by some caprice of fate. Let us dismiss the first two as common to all military organizations. It is the third class that has given the Legion its cloak of mystery. To them it is a sanctuary, a five-year haven where they may gain a fresh start in a disillusioned life. Victims of some emotional crisis that has swept them from accustomed moorings; youngsters appalled by the seeming enormity of a first offense; oldsters on whose lips the savor of life has suddenly gone bitter; desperate or disillusioned men seeking the refuge of an alien flag whose custodians ask only a name and nationality.

For these men may give any name or nationality if they are between the ages of eighteen and forty and can pass a searching physical examination. There is no oath

On their way to action in the Atlas Mountains.

of allegiance to France, only a written pledge of faithful service and obedience.

The Legionnaire worships his traditions fanatically, and since its formation in 1831 it has been a tradition of the Legion to drink sincerely and religiously. Since the World War, however, the ban on absinthe and the generous supply of remarkably cheap light wines and beer have colored the quality of the Legionnaire's thirst. The officers exercise a wise and paternal tolerance on the subject. They know that their men are expatriates, many desirous of forgetting a grim or tragic past, and that to them wine brings the "forgetfulness of a peopled solitude." Pay day rarely passes without brief explosions that shatter the impassive exterior that the Legionnaire presents to the outside world. On that day the patrols of all other units are withdrawn, for the Legionnaire, under the influence of his "divine Pinard," will surrender to no patrol but his own. The morning after, with its confused memories of battles and roaring choruses, brings also a grueling practice march that returns the unit to barracks chastened in body and spirit for another fortnight. Drunkenness in the field, however, is never tolerated.

The attitude of the Legionnaire toward liquor was well illustrated a year ago by an incident that had the Army of North Africa chuckling. A temperance society that has the backing of official France in its crusade against hard liquor had sent various placards to be posted in all barracks. In the canteen of the Second Regiment at Meknes appeared one with the stern warning: "Alcohol kills!" Beneath it, in the same lettering, a sardonic Legionnaire added: "But the Legionnaire does not fear death!"

Just a word about the Legion's discipline. At times it is sharp and heavy, at times strikingly paternal, but always punishments are governed by the jealously guarded restrictions of the French army. It is high time to scotch the prevalent and wholly unjust belief that there is brutality and merciless corporal punishment. That canard belongs in the category of old wives' tales, of Santa Claus, and the stork.

SHOULD an officer or noncommissioned officer lay hands on a Legionnaire except for the most extreme cause, he would be summarily broken. In no service is there a greater repugnance to bodily punishment. The tales of flogging in the Legion constitute a heartless scandal without one iota of truth.

Let me retell a few stories I heard in Morocco to illustrate the remarkable diversity of the men who, serving under the Tricolor, acknowledge no allegiance to France but whose loyalty to the Legion is keen as the edge of a sword and as flaming as a beacon. An inspector general, struck by the martial appearance of a bearded, giant Legionnaire in Syria, asked, "My Legionnaire, what were you before you were a Legionnaire?" "A general, my general!" was the startling answer, and he produced the proof that he had held a general's commission under the Czar of Russia.

Then there was the story, told me by an eyewitness, of the general who found himself decorating his own son, a sergeant in the Legion, who had left St. Cyr under a cloud four years before. And that of the young Italian Legionnaire, decorated for gallantry, who that night sought out his captain. Upon his being forced out of the Italian army through a gaming scandal, his father, a retired officer, had told him that only by faithful and honest service in the French Foreign Legion could he redeem himself, and that until he did so there would be no correspondence between the two. A month later the captain had a proud letter from the old warrior, releasing his son from the silence he had imposed.

THERE is still another story that throws light on the alleged preponderance of criminals in the Legion. It is the law in France that should a man who has not arrived at the age for military service incriminate himself in the eyes of the law, and on trial receive a sentence exceeding six months, he must perform his service in one of the Bataillons d'Afrique, made up of men of criminal records. There are not infrequent cases where a youngster faced with this dire possibility flees to service in the Legion under an assumed name and nationality, but with the sentence of *condamnation* hanging over him. Among the men drawn up for decoration at Fez was a noncommissioned officer borne on the Legion's rolls as a Belgian. He was to receive the Legion of Honor for outstanding gallantry. As the general was about to bestow it the Legionnaire drew back. "*Mon générale,*" he said, his voice shaken, "I cannot accept it. I am under *condamnation!*" Investigation, a pardon, and full restoration to French citizenship swiftly followed.

Twice—but that is another story—I lived with the Legion at the front, 10,000 feet above sea level in the chaotic terrain of the Grand Atlas. There I found the same joyous camaraderie and zest of life as I had in that lonely post of Foum-es-Kouss, the same flaming spirit and high morale.

Legionnaires may have been portrayed to the world for years as "the scum of the earth," but to me the hundreds I have met and talked with and messed and drunk with are but a hard-bitted, hard-fighting, hard-drinking, lovable outfit. An outfit second to none in sheer efficiency or battle worth, or in the versatility and intelligence of its personnel culled from almost threescore nationalities.

As an American officer of thirty-odd years in the marines I can but summarize my appraisal of the French Foreign Legion in one sentence:

"I would be proud to command a unit of the Foreign Legion!"

THE END

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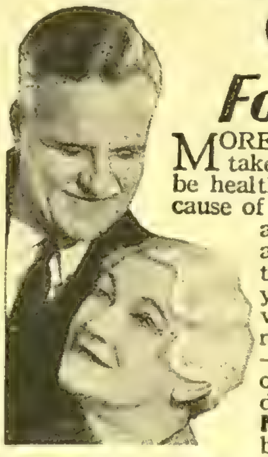

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VOX

The Inflation Editorial

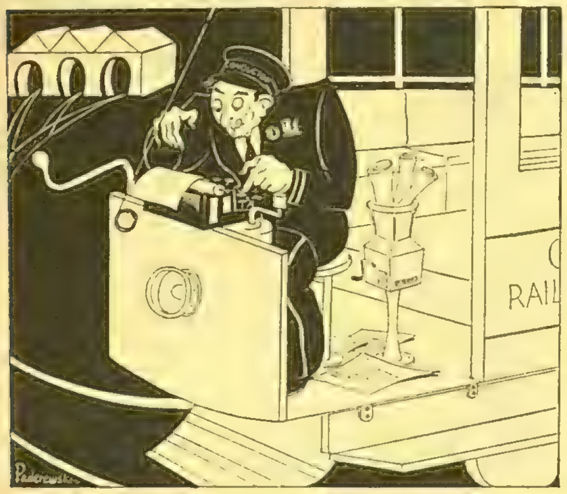
PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—It was with a great deal of pleasure that I read your editorial of March 4 on the monetary situation and the plan proposed by your writer.

There is no doubt that the entire cause of the present depression and unemployment is a lack of circulating medium. It does not matter if this be gold, silver, rocks, tokens, or paper. The main thing is that we need some means whereby I can exchange my surplus, be it labor, farm products, mine products, or manufactured products, for another man's surplus. Really all commerce and trade is the exchange of surpluses.

The only objection I can see to your plan is the inclusion of the banks to control the situation and make a profit. Why not lend the money through the United States Treasury by means of branches in every principal city?—*A. L. Russell.*

More Truth than Poetry

BRIDGETON, N. J.—I certainly get a kick when I read the meanderings of the pseudo-literati in Vox Pop. Having typed several hundred stories for these so-called struggling authors, I can well understand what an editor has to contend with.



Once upon a time I knew a poor struggling street-car conductor in South Carolina who was badly bitten by the authorship bug. Just because he permitted me to ride free on his car at odd times when I was shy a nickel, I in return typed his brain storms. At times I was forced to drink about a quart of corn whisky to steady my nerves as I read his stuff.

And, believe you me, it was stuff and *nonsense.*—*Nux Vomica.*

It's Our Own Little College

RIVER FOREST, ILL.—Would you be kind enough to explain just what is the reason for publishing that weekly list of Twenty Questions?

I discontinued the practice of reading your publication immediately upon attaining the age of reason, but several fellow workers in the office insist on my joining them in taking the Wednesday intelligence test, as they have misnamed it, with them.

Candidly, I have come across two or three questions that could be termed judicious, but—and I speak from the heart—the average question printed in that column is an insult to the reading public.

I am a college man and, until I endeavored to answer several of your Twenty Questions, deemed myself of the normal intelligence ranking; but when I learn that my grade on your questions is twenty or twenty-five per cent I wonder if it was worth while.

Might I suggest a question: How many tears in an onion of average size? —*Vincent V. Lotts.*

Sounds as if It Were Nice on This Farm

COLERAINE, MINN.—First I've got to reply to J. B. Hinchliffe of Cleveland, Ohio, in Vox Pop of February 18. There is no one who has a more free life than the farmer or farmerette.

And we don't eat salt pork and beans, either.

This country could feed a great many more hungry families if they were only here on the farms where land is cheap and everything grows without much trouble.

And as for Zara Sylcox of Miami, Florida, in the same issue—why worry about the women smoking? Let them enjoy it if they can. I am a woman of fifty, and should I care to smoke I would do so and not lose the respect of my two sons, who give me the same liberty they take for themselves.

Olive O. Rudduck

As for Liberty, we get it every week and I think my youngest son finished reading it at 3 A. M., as he is sleeping now.

We all three read it from cover to cover, and like it too.

One who loves Liberty and the farm. —*Olive O. Rudduck.*

That Dry South

ANNISTON, ALA.—So our dear friend Princess Kropotkin hints that perhaps the reason we Southern girls have such sylphlike figures is lack of cocktails. Most of the girls I know just turn the bottle up, and after a night of turning up a bottle of corn—well, tomato juice is the best diet next day.—*Fatty.*

Life on a Battle Wagon

U. S. S. WEST VIRGINIA—I can truthfully say that most sailors on board this battleship like Vox Pop, Cross Word Puzzle, and Bright Sayings of Children. —*Oscar R. Cisneros.*

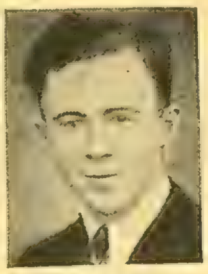
A Few Bows to Eric Hatch and His Serial Five Days from Pleased Readers

UTICA, N. Y.—I never Vox-Popped before, but just had to get this off my chest.

Eric Hatch's Five Days, like the tray of liquors in Part Four, is a darb — to use the coarser expression.

Liberty is swelegant —long may it live.

Please give us more of those inimitably droll serials by Hatch.—*Cliff Finnegan.*


Cliff Finnegan

STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, QUE.—No Eric Hatch—no Liberty.

Congratulations to Eric Hatch on Five Days, a real good serial that keeps you on the jump.

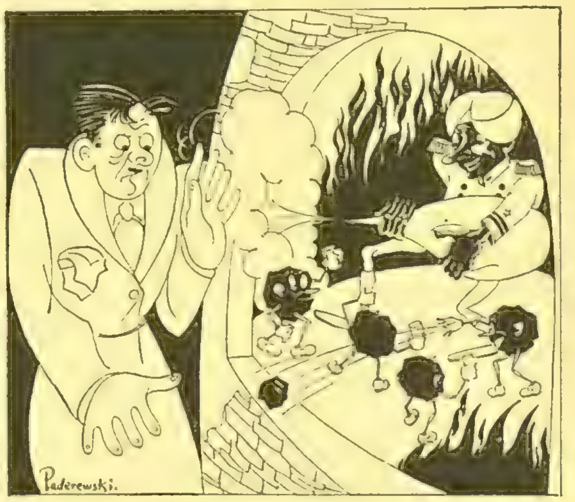
As for Liberty—a real good magazine for a nickel.—*Bessie Baird.*

MONTREAL, QUE.—I think Five Days gets more comical each week. This issue is certainly a scream, and such good reading.—*H. Cosedge.*

All About Those Wicked Old Missouri Salamanders That Throw Hot Coals

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—In his article The Big Coal Problem, appearing in Liberty of February 18, Robert Benchley says: "I would not tell this to many people, because they wouldn't believe me, but I have actually seen pieces of coal which I had successfully tossed into the fire box *turn around and fly back out on to the floor!*"

That very same thing has been happening to me all afternoon. It's the salamanders, because I crawled in our furnace and seen 'em. They was holding a dance on the hot coals in honor of Gunga Din.



He was squatting on the coals giving drinks to the salamanders out of his water bag, and them that wasn't busy drinking and dancing put in their time throwing the coal back out at me.—*Bill Burton.*

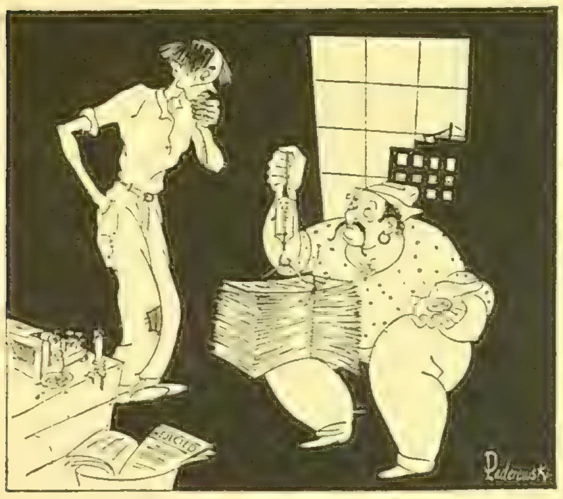
POP

U.S. MAIL
VOX POP EDITOR
U.S.

Another New Use for Those Rejection Slips

CHICAGO, ILL.—Although none of my stories were published in your old magazine, I thank you for helping me out this much.

An old rag-and-paper man came to my house, and after weighing your rejection slips gave me two bits for one hundred pounds. Like a fool I took a nickel out of that precious quarter and bought another Liberty.



Anyway, I don't have to write; I'm one of the most independent men of today: I'm a hard-boiled salesman and I take orders from nobody.—*Jack Whitten.*

Jay Franklin's Article Seems to Have Started Something

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Have just concluded the article America Gets Its Back Up at Last, by Jay Franklin, in Liberty of March 11. I want to say, Hurrah for Liberty for having "guts" enough to print the article and three cheers and a pat on the back for Jay Franklin! This boy sure knows his potatoes or what have you.

I am not only assimilating it by committing it to memory but am urging the only few I know who do not read Liberty to do likewise. Mr. Franklin proves that we now have what, in my opinion, is a new parasitic group to go along with lawyers, physicians, bankers, and real-estate agents—namely, the manipulators and participants in the so-called Community Chest Rackets.—*E. H. Fox.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Jay Franklin's article America Gets Its Back Up at Last, in March 11 Liberty, raises both him and the magazine in my estimation.

And it will help a lot if you can advance Rupert Hughes from novelist to economist. His sample in a recent issue tastes like more. A lot of us former fiction readers are now ready for true stories.—*Wick Jonsing.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—I have been reading your magazine for quite a few years. During this period you have had a few odorous stories inside your covers, but none so bad as Jay Franklin's latest "unbiased" opinions.

It is really a rank injustice to the American public, a great number of whom read your magazine, to print such an article. There is no doubt that the freedom of the press is used to a great advantage here.

Quoting Mr. Franklin: "Not the fly-by-nights, the oil promoters, the Wallingfords, the confidence men, but the Mitchells, the Wigginses, the Morrows, the Insulls, . . . aided by our Coolidges, Mellons, Hoovers, and Ogden Millses, were the men who sold us down the river and then foreclosed on the mortgage."

Such a statement as the above and many more made in the article are entirely without proof.

If they were not, the American public would have arisen to defend themselves. —*Owen Summers.*

Si! Si! Señor Salonga

QUARTEL SPAÑOL, MANILA, P. I.—Liberty is first magazine I always buy on news stands here.

Bert Green's articles are one hundred per cent American idioms entirely different from educational books and school English we study here about nine thousand miles way across this pond Pacific.

Vox Poppers' nonsenses, wit, humor, opinions, and ideas are a big educational to Asiatic me.

Keep up your naughty write-ups, Liberty. You're a wonderful magazine.—*G. A. Salonga.*

A Cry from the Wilderness

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I notice that almost all the prizes of the Liberty contests go to out-of-town readers.

Is it a weakness of the Liberty contest judges to award prizes in small towns, or do they do that on purpose? If they do it intentionally then they do an unpardonable injustice to the readers and contestants of New York and Brooklyn.

Nathan Cantor

Give your own towners a break!—*Nathan Cantor.*

That Poor Woman Accused

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Having finished The Woman Accused, I can tell you what a gag story is. It is one written by ten of the world's most famous authors and is positively guaranteed to unsettle your stomach.

Only Five Days has saved me from being nasty and writing a real mean letter.

Well, you just print another such bunch of trash and see!—*Raye.*

That Job Is Up to the Voters and the Courts

ROCHESTER, MINN.—I have just finished reading the series of articles entitled The Boodle Rings of '33, by Silas Bent. I feel that I must get a few words out of my system on this topic and I think that Vox Pop is the place for the words.

The fact is, we all know pretty well these stories of graft and corruption—other magazines have put the facts before us—and I'm becoming a bit weary of reading the details of this sordid mess.

Milton H. Bernstein

Why don't you magazines that have the facts get together and put the whole matter before someone with authority to do something?—*Milton H. Bernstein.*

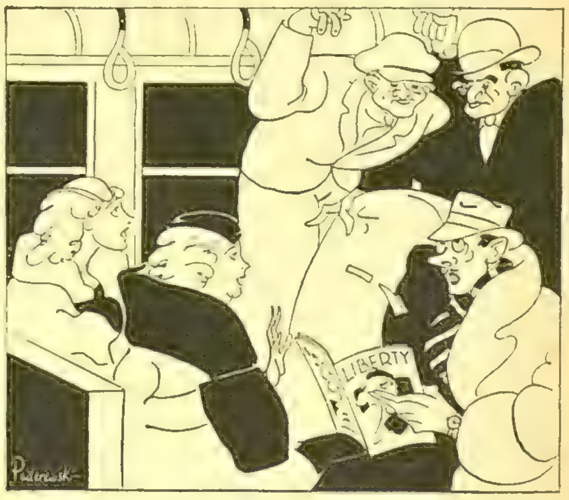
The Old Sleuths Figure Out Our Racket

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—At last I think I have discovered something in your magazine, and that is the purpose of your Vox Pop pages. From the photographs accompanied by the drivel contributed, I have decided that you intend it for a comic supplement.—*R. C. Draw.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm wise to Vox Pop. If you received five thousand letters panning a story and three gushy-gushy "Swell!" "Some more," you'd print the three and one of the former and try to fool us into believing the story was good.—*William Dore.*

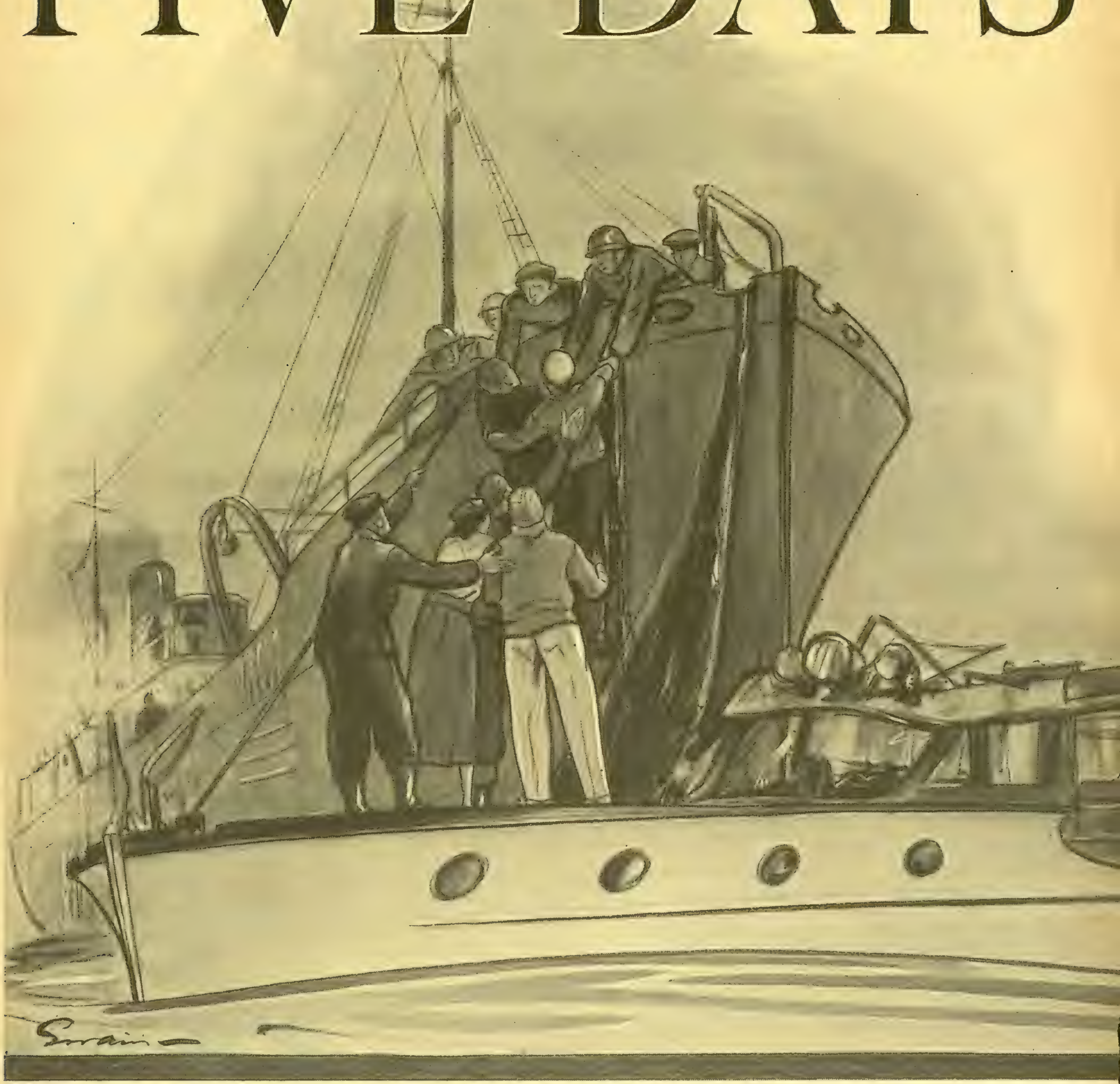
Read It Some Other Place

SEATTLE, WASH.—The first thing that I read each week is Princess Kropotkin's page (all but the darn' recipes). Now why does she have to call it To the Ladies? I feel like a "pansy" reading that on a street car.



In fact, I have to hide behind my coat, which is thrown up like a shield, to keep the fellows from asking me to bake a cake or cream some shrimp for them.—*Eddie Hanny.*

FIVE DAYS



(Reading time: 15 minutes 30 seconds.)

Part Nine—Conclusion

"PLEASANT in certain cases," said the bishop, "horrible in others. Your lead, Harris."

"What are you-all playin'? Can I play too?"

Mary was standing in the doorway. Payton smiled at her and said, "You bet you can. We're—we're—" It struck him that Mary couldn't possibly know how to play contract, but he didn't want her to feel out of it. "We're playing hearts."

She came into the room and sat down between him and Carlotta. Beadle snapped on the lights. Hartley grabbed him by the leg and he bent down. Hartley said, "How the hell *do* you play hearts?"

"I don't know," whispered Beadle. "Ask her—tactfully."

"Mary," said the bishop, "we've been playing South Bleynton hearts. It's—it's slightly different from the usual game. Which game do *you* play?"

Mary obligingly launched into a complete description of the garden variety of hearts. When she had done explaining she said, "What are you-all playin' for?"

Payton laughed and said, "Matches."

"Oke," said Mary.

"I know," said Beadle; "we'll play for the four thousand dollars Jane Payton isn't going to be able to get back from her crew!"

"And then," said Carlotta, "we'll play for the four thousand you and I swiped from her aunt. That makes eight thousand—it's much more exciting to play for eight thousand you haven't got than for four thousand."

"Oh, much," said Hartley.

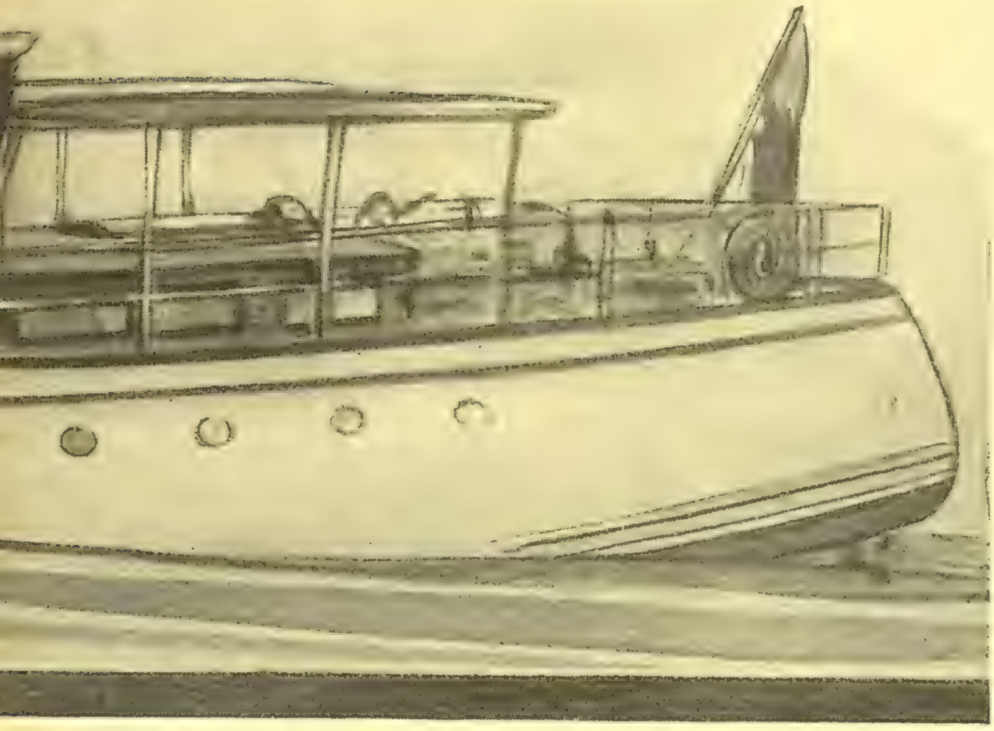
A Game of Hearts—Adrift in the Fog—Mary Goes for Help—The Wreck

By

ERIC HATCH

Illustrations by
F. W. Swain

The crew of the trawler that had rammed them swarmed aboard and lifted the three of them to her decks.



Mary looked bewildered. She said, "What do you win if you win?"

"You can't win," said Harris. "That's why Hartley can play even though it's Sunday."

Beadle looked out through the open door. The sun had sunk and the wind had risen. He was thinking about how gayly he and Swazey had started out adventuring. The Electra had supplanted her rolling with a wicked pitching.

The Point Judith light was growing dim in the distance. He said, "You're perfectly right, Harris; you can't win."

Harris looked up at him and their eyes met. He too was thinking.

"Of course you're right, Beadle," he said. "You can't possibly win, can you!"

"You two give me a pain in the neck," said Carlotta. "Let's get going here."

The bishop dealt. They played three hands. Then Swazey, who was still stretched out on deck, began to moan.

Beadle stuck his head through the forward window.

"What's the matter?"

"I wisht I was in jail!" said Swazey.

"Hungh?"

"In jail."

Carlotta got up off the floor and went below.

"I'll skid him a magic powder."

"We'd appreciate it," said Hartley. "By the way, why don't the rest of us get something to eat?"

Mary sprang to her feet.

"Cheez," she said, "I forgot to put on the running lights! We oughtta be right in the steamer channel now."

She turned on the red and green and bow and stern.

"Whaddaya say, Harris? Shall we eat? We ain't had nothin' all day, come to think of it."

Beadle said, "After all, an army moves on its stomach."

"WE'RE a navy," said Harris. He too looked out of the doorway. The wind was still rising. Flying scud slapped against the windows each time the Electra's stern crashed into the waves. "I'll say we're a navy!"

The bishop and Beadle came and stood on either side of him.

"Navy the twain shall meet," said Beadle.

"What twain?" said the bishop. "Mark Twain?"

Mary Winlock had come from that island in the Chesapeake where each house has its private graveyard between it and the picket fences that line the main street, so she had never heard little boys whistling to keep up their courage as they force themselves to walk past a village cemetery at midnight.

She took one look at the three of them and made her way quickly to the galley.

At three in the morning the wind dropped. Beadle and Carlotta and Hartley and Mary and Payton were still in the deck house. Swazey had been removed to the forecastle.

The five of them felt that they never wanted to see another heart as long as they lived. All through the night they had played. The worse the pitching of the ship grew the harder they had played. Only twice had they knocked off, when steamers had passed near them and they'd tried to attract attention by flashing lights. It hadn't worked. One steamer had gone so far as to throw her searchlight on them, but not seeing the sea anchor and thinking they were just cordial, as yachtsmen are apt to be at night, had bored on her way. It had been a bad moment; she'd looked so large and steady and safe from the Electra's heaving deck. The bishop and Payton had taken their coats off after that, and they'd all played like demons.

In an incredibly short time after the wind went down the sea grew entirely calm, because the waves were rolling out of the Sound and weren't deep and strong the way they are when they come in from the sea itself. It seemed to Beadle his luck had turned again. He said to Harris, "Maybe you can win, after all."

They left off the game and stood up and stretched wearily, like men who've been in an all-night poker game playing for high stakes. Then one by one they went out on deck to make sure they weren't imagining that the boat wasn't tossing any more and that driven spray wasn't crashing against the windows. And then they saw that fog was all around them, swirling slowly in circles as dance the ghosts of drowned sailors. Beadle shivered at the clammy touch of it.

"I guess we better go back and play some more hearts."

"Hearts my eye!" said Mary. "One of us gotta get out of here an' get help."

"Why?" said Beadle.

"We're in the steamer channel," said Mary. "We're in the steamer channel an' they don't stop—they cut right through you an' don't stop."

Johnny Wideawake
« changes his mind »

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"Oh, dear," said Bishop Hartley. "It sounds very unpleasant indeed."

"You bet your hat it's unpleasant. Here, Harris—give me a hand. We can use this now, if it'll float."

She was snatching at the ropes that held the power tender in place on top of the cabin. It was a tiny cockleshell of a boat.

"You've got to go," said Beadle. "No one else can run it."

She nodded. "I s'pose."

Once the ropes were untied, Mary lowered the dink over the side almost unaided and, after a few minutes of groping, started the diminutive motor. She looked up. In the lights from the Electra's deck Beadle could see her face. It looked white and frightened. Then she called, "Go get my dresses, will you, Harris? They're under the seat in the deck house."

Harris started for the dresses. Beadle and Carlotta and Hartley stood looking down at the tender. It lay quite still on the water beside them, its engine humming.

"If we head straight off there," said Mary, pointing toward the north, "we'll hit some kinda shore. We can carry three in here safe enough."

From somewhere ahead of them came the long, low blast of a foghorn. Beadle took Carlotta's arm.

"Get in, lady," he said. "It's been nice knowing you."

Carlotta faced him.

"Get *in?*"

Beadle, hoping she wouldn't see how he'd been frightened by what Mary'd said, forced one of his feebler laughs.

"Go ahead," he said. "There certainly isn't room for more than three. *I* wouldn't trust myself to a—a cockleshell like that."

Carlotta looked at him steadily.

"I wouldn't either," she said.

Harris came back with the dresses and handed them over the rail. Beadle said, "Carlotta and I don't want to go. You and bish go and take care of Mary."

"Do you mean I can't persuade you to go, Beadle?"

He nodded.

"You mean it?"

"GO ahead," said Beadle. "I've nothing to go for; maybe you have." He gestured toward Mary. "Maybe Banks will give you a job, too."

"What about Swazey?" They had forgotten Swazey. But Swazey hadn't forgotten himself. He came out of his coma when he heard the engine chugging alongside. As soon as he'd realized, from overhearing the conversation, what was going on, he came reeling up the companionway.

Swazey knew when he had had enough. The awful motion of the yacht since her engines stopped had sapped all the courage out of him. If there were any chance, however risky, of getting to dry land, he was for it. Then as he reached the deck he saw Beadle and began to feel like a quitter. He stood for an instant holding tight to the rail.

"I don't like to leave de mug," he said; "don't like to leave de mug. He's—he's been a prince to me!"

The Electra took a big, slow roller.

"I gotta—cheez, I gotta! But—but—"

Beadle had seen him coming; so had Bishop Hartley, who turned and whispered, "As a Christian gentleman, Beadle, I *can't* allow him to go on suffering. I'll stay aboard." He sighed and added, "I ought to be better equipped for it, anyway. I *ought* to be. I wonder!"

Beadle looked at him. Their glances met and he smiled. He said, "I'll *order* him to go. Then he'll feel better about it." He called to Swazey: "Hey, get in the tender—you and Mary and Harris are going for help."

SWAZEY saluted. "O. K., chief! We'll do our best!"

Then he came next to Beadle.

"Honest, chief, I feel like a quitter—but I ain't no good to youse dis way. Can I see you when we—when you get on land, if you gets on land?"

"Sure," said Beadle. "I'll get hold of Harris and tell him where I am." He felt like Napoleon at Fontainebleau bidding farewell to his troops.

"Oke," said Swazey, and lifted a foot over the rail.

"Get going!" yelled Mary.

Swazey looked down at her. Then he looked at Beadle and, in spite of the seasickness, grinned.

"Here!" he said. "Maybe dis'll carry you till we get togedder again!" He shoved his hand into Beadle's pocket and dropped down into the tender.

As the little boat slid away from the yacht Mary called, "We'll make it, Beadle honey, and get you in all right." And Harris shouted something that sounded like "White man!"

Beadle reached in his pocket and fished out a handful of jewelry; diamond shirt studs and waistcoat buttons and scarf pins. He turned to Hartley.

"This is awful," he said. "They're Donald Banks's!"

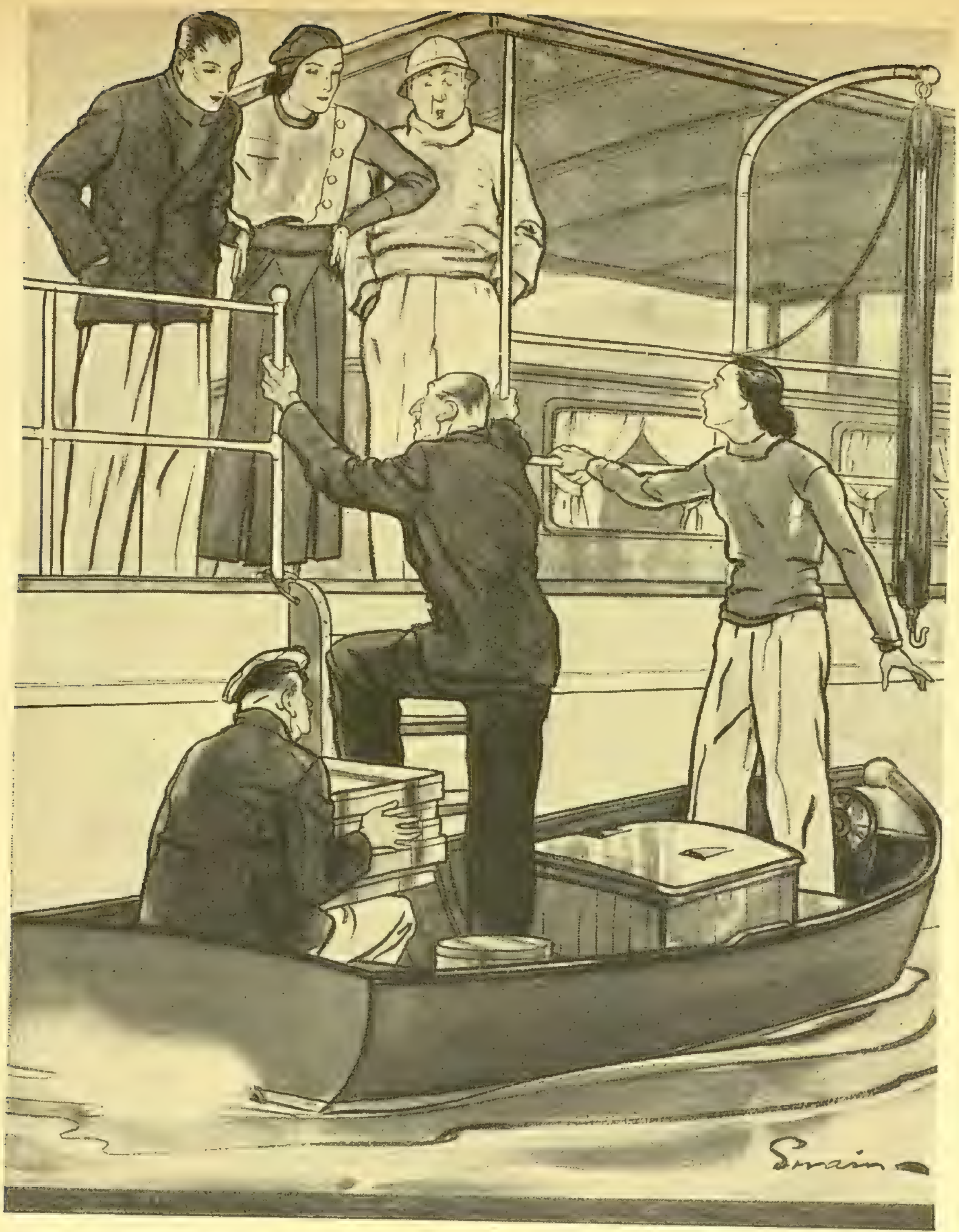
"It isn't awful," said Hartley. "It's one of the nicest gestures I've ever seen." He laughed softly.

Carlotta turned away. It had occurred to her that Swazey had probably wanted those little things quite badly. She was impressed.

Without speaking Beadle waved once and walked to the other side of the boat. The expedition—his one achievement in life—was coming to a crashing close. Without turning he listened until the chugging of the tender drifted away in the fog. Unlike Napoleon, he was much too moved to speak, even after he knew Carlotta had joined him and was standing with her arm around his shoulders. When the last faint chug had died Carlotta said, "Now what are *we* going to do about things?"

"I think I'll pray a little," said Hartley, "and blow the foghorn, if I can find it."

He went off toward the bow. Carlotta leaned against Beadle.



He felt like Napoleon at Fontainebleau bidding farewell to his troops.

“Anything left to drink on board?”

“I’ll look. I think there’s part of a bottle of whisky.”

“Part’s enough. It’d be rotten to get cockeyed.” She laughed. “If we got cut in two and not stopped for, Hartley probably couldn’t get us tickets for the right place if we were cockeyed.”

“He’d try, though,” said Beadle. “But of course we won’t get hit. One doesn’t. I’ve never heard of anybody we know getting hit by a steamer. Have you?”

“No,” said Carlotta. “But maybe the steamer wouldn’t know how important we are. Then it might hit us.”

Beadle was making a mighty effort to match her gayety.

“We should send dolphins out to tell them,” he said, and went below to the galley.

An hour later Beadle and Carlotta left the deck house where they had gone to keep Hartley company while they had their snack. Daylight, a sickly gray daylight scarcely preferable to the darkness, had come over the ocean. During the hour, horns and giant whistles had blown all around them and the bishop had blown back at them like Gabriel himself. In fact, he’d remarked that if he found out later Gabriel could blow better than he could, he’d sue St. Peter. Then the electricity failed and the Electra could do no more blowing, so the bishop stretched himself out on the deck-house transom, remarking that “One should always rest before a long journey.”

It occurred to Beadle, as he and Carlotta walked aft, that Hartley had been trying very hard to pretend he was just a man when in reality he was absolutely a hundred-per-cent bishop. He wondered if Mary and Payton had been pretending to enjoy being with him and if Carlotta had been pretending to like him. His stupidity in allowing this shipwreck business to happen had knocked out from under him the pillar of self-respect he’d been fighting so hard for since his life had been twisted and torn like burnt metal.

He sank into one of the easy-chairs and sighed a long whistling sigh.

“Don’t,” said Carlotta. “You sound like my Aunt Nell used to sound after dinner.”

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 15

1—One who strolls about aimlessly.
2—Cultivated land, or land suitable for cultivation.
3—Marmion.
4—One of the bones between knee and ankle.
5—Avenge is to inflict punishment for the sake of just retribution; revenge, to inflict injury in malicious retaliation.
6—The Dardanelles.
7—St. Luke (15:11).
8—The Battle of Balaklava.
9—Magellan.
10—Water.
11—No.
12—Francisco Pizarro.
13—Spun sugar, through which a hand may be pushed without damage to the hand.
14—A beautiful, lively, and coquettish girl character in Dickens’ Barnaby Rudge.
15—No; it is an iris.
16—No; it means black and blue; bluish or grayish blue; discolored.
17—Cervantes.
18—A town and an island of French Guiana, South America.
19—From the Italian *influenza di freddo*, influence, or effect, of cold.
20—The rights of a person owning land bordering on a body of water.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:
(See page 15)

A dentifrice for children should be mild, have a pleasant taste and be composed of the purest materials. It should clean thoroughly, neutralize the acids which cause decay and be absolutely harmless if swallowed. It should contain no grit or astringent — nothing that can injure the teeth or the delicate gum tissues.

No “one-way” dentifrice can give your teeth all-round protection. Healthy gums are important—but no more so than effective cleaning and safe polishing. Economy is a factor—but surely it is not more vital than the prevention of decay. Your teeth need the 5-way protection of Squibb Dental Cream. Copyright 1933 E. R. Squibb & Sons

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A foghorn bellowed, far ahead.

"Oh, hell," said Beadle, "anyway."

"I know," said Carlotta. "You were the leader of something and it went *phut.* By the way, have you been scared?"

"And how!"

"So have I—so's Hartley. We never let on, do we? Aren't we silly not to?"

"No," said Beadle. "We'd be more scared then."

The foghorn came again, much nearer.

"Every time I hear one of those things," said Carlotta, "I want to go down to our room and bury my head under the covers."

"Do you really? I didn't know you were really scared. I thought it was just me."

Carlotta kicked her legs over the arm of a chair and looked at him. He'd grown quite a creditable beard during the past thirty-six hours.

"There are a lot of things you don't know, Beadle. I wish this damn' fog would lift."

"I wish so too."

Again the horn, much nearer. The blast seemed to fill the world and it sounded as though it were directly in front of them.

"We can't answer," said Carlotta, "and let them know we're here."

"Don't the decks look lousy and wet!" said Beadle.

He was picturing that steamer, a mile, half a mile, a few hundred yards ahead of them, racing through the fog. He wondered idly what her name was. He hoped it had a good steamer name and wasn't called the John P. MacGeehan or something like that. He said, "I suppose we ought to put on life preservers. I don't know where they are."

"LET'S pretend we can't find them," said Carlotta. "Then we won't have to worry about them. Wouldn't do any good anyway."

The next time the horn sounded it was so near they could almost imagine they could see the bulk of the ship ahead.

There was no longer any doubt that it was ahead—directly ahead. Beadle hitched his chair across the deck next to Carlotta's and took her hand.

"Carlotta."

"Hello."

He was breathing deeply.

"Do you know why I wanted to see Milton and—and—get my money back?"

"Yes," said Carlotta. "Because of Jane Payton."

"But you couldn't know that. I—I never said anything about it."

"Beadle—" Her voice had the same odd vibrancy of the night before last when she'd said, "That was fine—we must do it again sometime," after he'd kissed her. "Beadle."

"Hello."

"Come near here."

He hitched his chair still closer.

"Beadle—do you know why I've always hated you? I hated you first because I didn't like your face."

"I've got used to it," said Beadle.

"Then after that I hated you because you seemed to be all the things I've just found out you're not."

"What?" said Beadle.

"Don't be dense," said Carlotta. "I'm trying to tell you something and I don't think I've much time to say it."

BEADLE, inspired possibly by the look in her eyes or possibly by the thought that in a few seconds things were going to happen quickly, took her other hand, so that he held both of them—tightly. The horrible example of Jane Payton was still fresh in his mind, but even Carlotta's million or so iron men couldn't stop him now.

"And I'm trying to tell you something," he said. "I—I—Judas, Carlotta!—I love you."

The foghorn blew again, right under their bows.

"Nothing matters in the world to me except that. It—it's been torture, honestly, having you sleeping there with me. I've wanted you so!"

Incredibly he felt she was pressing his hands. It gave him courage to go on, wildly, impassionedly, pouring out his heart, telling her in quick broken words of his loneliness, of finding he loved her.

She listened appreciatively. When he'd done she leaned forward.

"You're an awful dope," she said. "I suppose that's why I love you."

Then she kissed him.

She was still kissing him when the crash came an instant later. She was still holding his hands when the bishop bounced out of the remains of the crumpled deck house and yelled, "Who the hell woke me up?" and when the crew of the trawler that had rammed them swarmed aboard and lifted the three of them bodily to her fishy decks. The Electra bowed once, the way a smart yacht should, before she settled by the head and sank.

But Beadle didn't realize it. Being naturally clumsy, he'd banged his head against the deck as he fell out of his chair, and, only half conscious, merely thought the bishop had, after all, succeeded in getting him a ticket to the right place.

THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS APRIL 1 1933
MUSKOGEE OKLA
AS STINSONS WOUND INSTANTLY FATAL IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO HAVE SHOT HIMSELF AND HAVE HEAD ON OUTSTRETCHED ARMS STOP AM ARRIVING TOMORROW ON PRIVATE INVESTIGATION HARRY BECKMAN

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 minutes 15 seconds.)

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

THE opera fans can hardly believe it. After all these years they see before them a tenor who does not look like two hundred pounds of meat on the hoof. Nino Martini weighs 140, has the wasp-waisted shape of true romance. He's only five feet eight. (We measured him against the wall when he came to my house to tea the other day.) Handsome as John Gilbert, much the same type, but more boyish. And can the boy sing!

You hear him often on the radio. Notice how naturally he warbles those high notes.

" People write to me," he says. " They tell me I make a lot of tenors spoil their voices. They hear my F, they try it, and snap—they are done for! "

That is too bad, thinks Mr. Martini, but what can he do about it? A tight belt helps a lot with the high notes, he says. The higher he sings the tighter he belts his waist in. By no means does he starve himself to keep romantically slender. Consumes four meals a day, and has a weakness for hot dogs in between. Falls for them at sidewalk stands wherever he goes.

Nino Martini

Sixty-five dollars a year Nino Martini pays to the Mussolini government for the privilege of remaining a bachelor. That's the Fascist tax on single men. It's cheap enough, says Nino, all things considered.

SOME Japanese friends have been telling me the meaning of their lovely flower arrangements. To me it seems poetic and beautiful. I think you may like to know it.

Three or five different kinds of flowers are used, never two or four kinds. One tall spray signifies paradise. Blossoms of another variety are placed in a group at the right; they stand for mankind. One flower of a third variety, placed alone at the left, very low, symbolizes the earth.

Here are three favorite Japanese combinations:

1. A branch of apple blossoms, lilies of the valley, and one pink carnation. 2. A branch of green pine, forget-me-nots, and a tea rose. 3. Laurel leaves, mauve pansies, white marguerites, pink tulips, and gypsophila.

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

ONE of my favorite spring poems begins like that. My desire to read it again comes back every year at this season, along with my craving for boiled eggs and pussy willows.

The poem I have quoted recalls a love that is no more. Obviously, from the poet's words, he loved a girl and lost her. Well, that doesn't make any difference to me. What he says about their lovetime strikes me as being just the thing that everyone should feel about the sentimental tangles of this season. How well I remember being very young—and in love in the spring! How well I remember the clean, brave eyes of my young man! Which young man? That depends on which springtime. And *that* is just what I'm driving at. It makes no difference that those sweet convulsions were transitory. They were worth just as much in their way, I think, as though they had led to lifelong union. Don't neglect them if they come to you.

THE good people of Flanders love good things to eat. Tongue is one of the things they call particularly good. They like it with Flemish Hunter's Sauce. Try it yourself. You'll like it too.

Boil, skin, and slice a fresh tongue. Fry 3 chopped onions in 2 tablespoons butter. Sprinkle in 2 tablespoons flour and brown well. Add 6 crushed peppercorns, 2 cloves, 2 bay leaves, ½ teaspoon each of nutmeg and thyme, 2 tablespoons Tarragon vinegar, 1 cup liquor from the tongue. Simmer 20 minutes, strain, add ¼ cup sherry flavoring (or real wine if you have it). Thicken if necessary with a little flour. Pour over the tongue and serve very hot with mashed potatoes.

READ Pocahontas, by David Garnett. A fine American romance from history. (Harcourt, Brace & Company.)

LET'S write an open letter to Benito Mussolini. Let's say—

DEAR SIGNOR MUSSOLINI:

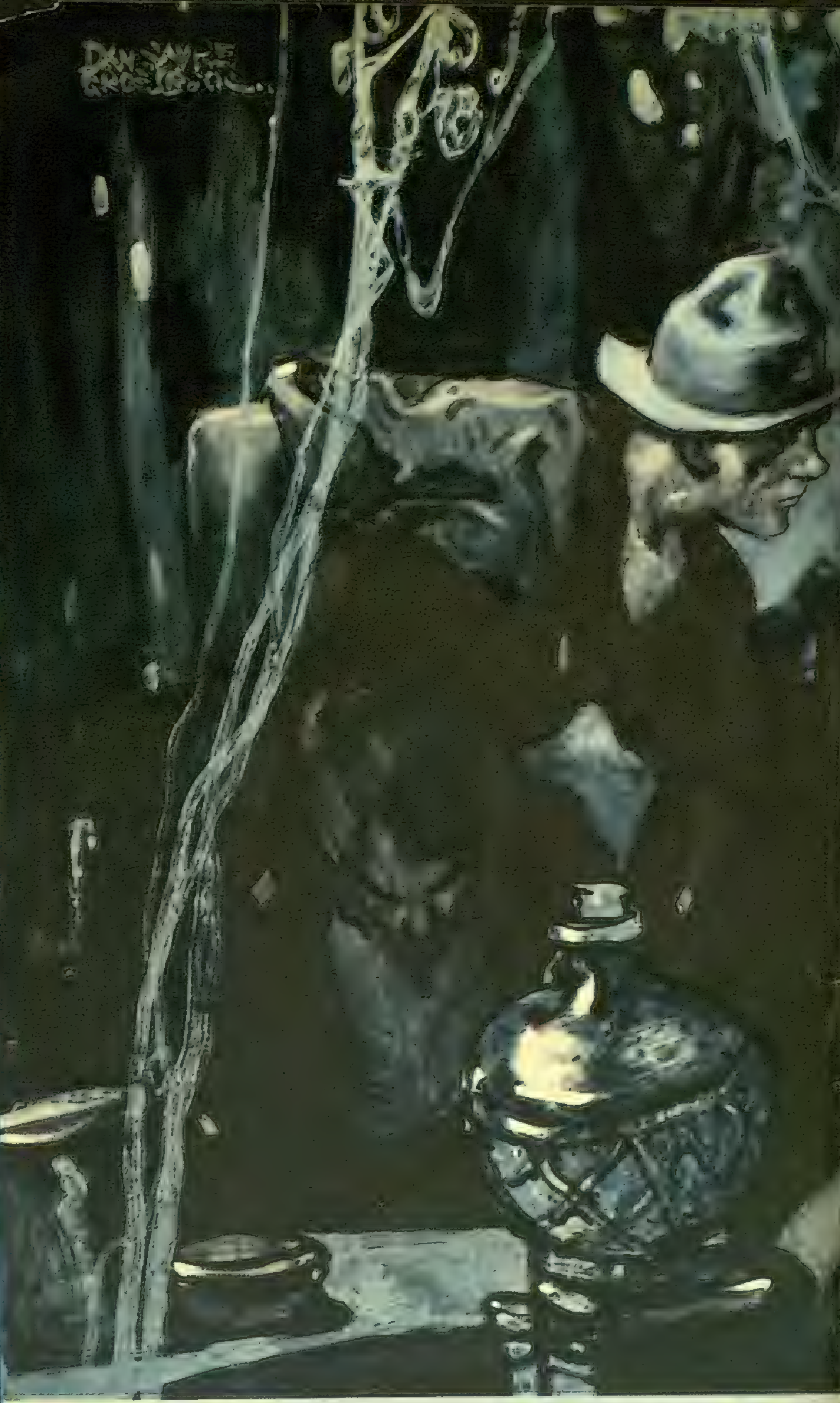
I hear you are trying to make Italian fashions so attractive that the women of your country will not have to go to Paris for their stylish clothes. Perhaps you can do American women a favor at the same time. I know many American women who would gladly take their fashions from Italy if you could persuade your Italian dress creators to be a little more polite to Americans than the French are. A very wealthy Chicago woman has just told me how she was insulted and snubbed in the salons of a famous Paris dressmaker—merely because she was not known there. Her experience is not uncommon, I have found. If your people can manage to put good clothes and good manners together, it may not be long before you'll have plenty of American buyers coming your way.

Born to Raise Hell

By
TEX O'REILLY
as told to
LOWELL THOMAS

The Dynamite's Short Fuse—Sing a Song or Die!—A Maniac and a Renegade—The Bad Man of Vigan—A Gibson Girl's Heartbreak—Moonlight and Blood Lust—Shot from Ambush

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



The murderer lifted up the bolo and came for

(Reading time: 27 minutes 10 seconds.)

TEX O'REILLY, round-the-world soldier of fortune, veteran of eight wars, worthy descendant of fighting Irish kings, was a private in the United States regular army and a campaigner against the Spaniards in Cuba before he was eighteen. At the close of that war, his regiment was ordered to the Philippines. He reënlisted and went along, and when he found that there was going to be fighting, it was all right with him!

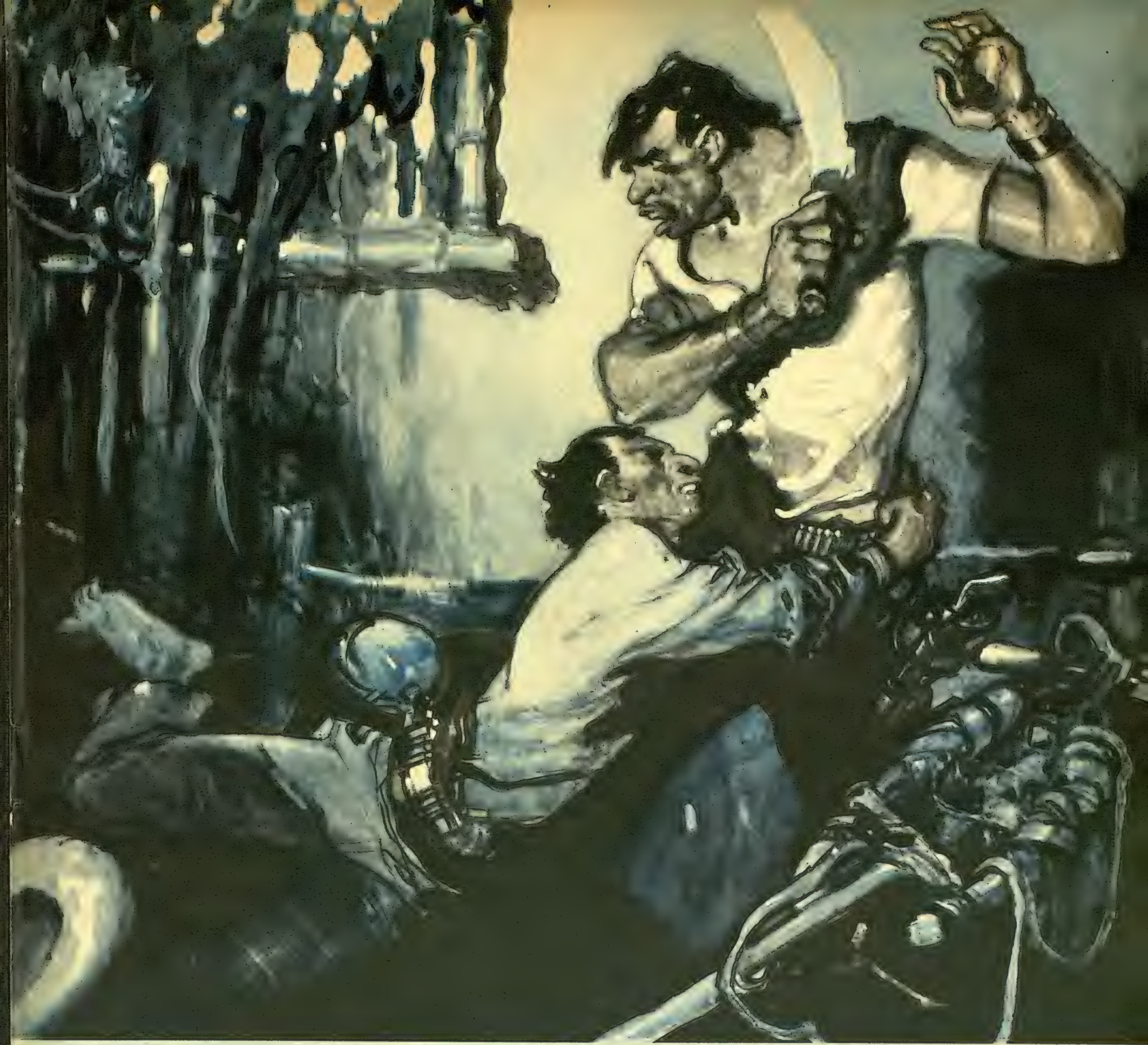
His electrifying life story began in Liberty last week with an account of his experience as a badly scared youngster policing stampeded lepers during the early fighting against the insurrectos in and around Manila. He proceeded to recall, among other adventures, a fight against odds in which he alone, with his bayonet, stood off ten or a dozen Filipino bolo men and rescued a wounded sergeant.

At nineteen Tex was an original member of the famous Philippine Scouts. While they were stationed at the town of Imus a private in the artillery, known as Johnson, beat up a lieutenant who had been hanging around his beautiful native wife. He was court-martialed and sentenced to forty years' imprisonment, but was permitted to escape, went native, and joined the insurrectos. Nothing had been known of Johnson except that he was educated and polished, morose when sober, and queer when drunk.

The insurrectos abandoned their trenches and breastworks along a river at Cavite Viejo, noted for its rice fields. The Americans were to occupy these trenches, and Sergeant O'Leary and Tex were sent ahead up the road to the old stone bridge. Everything looked all right, but both men felt uneasy, and on a sudden impulse Tex exclaimed, " Let's get off this road! "

PART TWO—SCOUTING IN THE JUNGLE

BOTH of us hopped off it like a flash. The rice fields are cut up into squares with dikes that hold the irrigation water, and by walking on the dikes we could keep out of the mud. But the minute we left the road a shot was fired at us, and then all hell broke loose. O'Leary and I flopped into that mud like a couple of fish and lay right down in it.



me. Little Fernando ducked in, tackled that fellow around the knees, and threw him.

The insurrectos had three thousand men lying in those trenches waiting for us, and on the bridge they had an old smooth-bore cannon, with a muzzle as big as a bucket, loaded with nails and scrap iron. They had been able to keep three thousand men so well under control that we had not seen the least suspicious thing, but when we jumped off the road they must have thought we had seen something. A hot fire opened up along their whole line.

It was spectacular. Behind us our men deployed out of the woods and came on to the attack. O'Leary and I lay between the two fires and we did not lift our heads far out of the mud, but we could see the whole battle like a scene on a stage. And I saw a captain of the Fourteenth Infantry do a fool stunt there which should have made his name infamous.

He came down that road with a company of the Fourteenth held in close formation, and he ran them right up to the muzzle of that old cannon on the bridge. The insurrectos touched it off. Killed him and eleven men in one shot. There must have been a bucketful of old scrap iron in that thing. A cloud of smoke swept over that whole company and left a pile of wounded and dead.

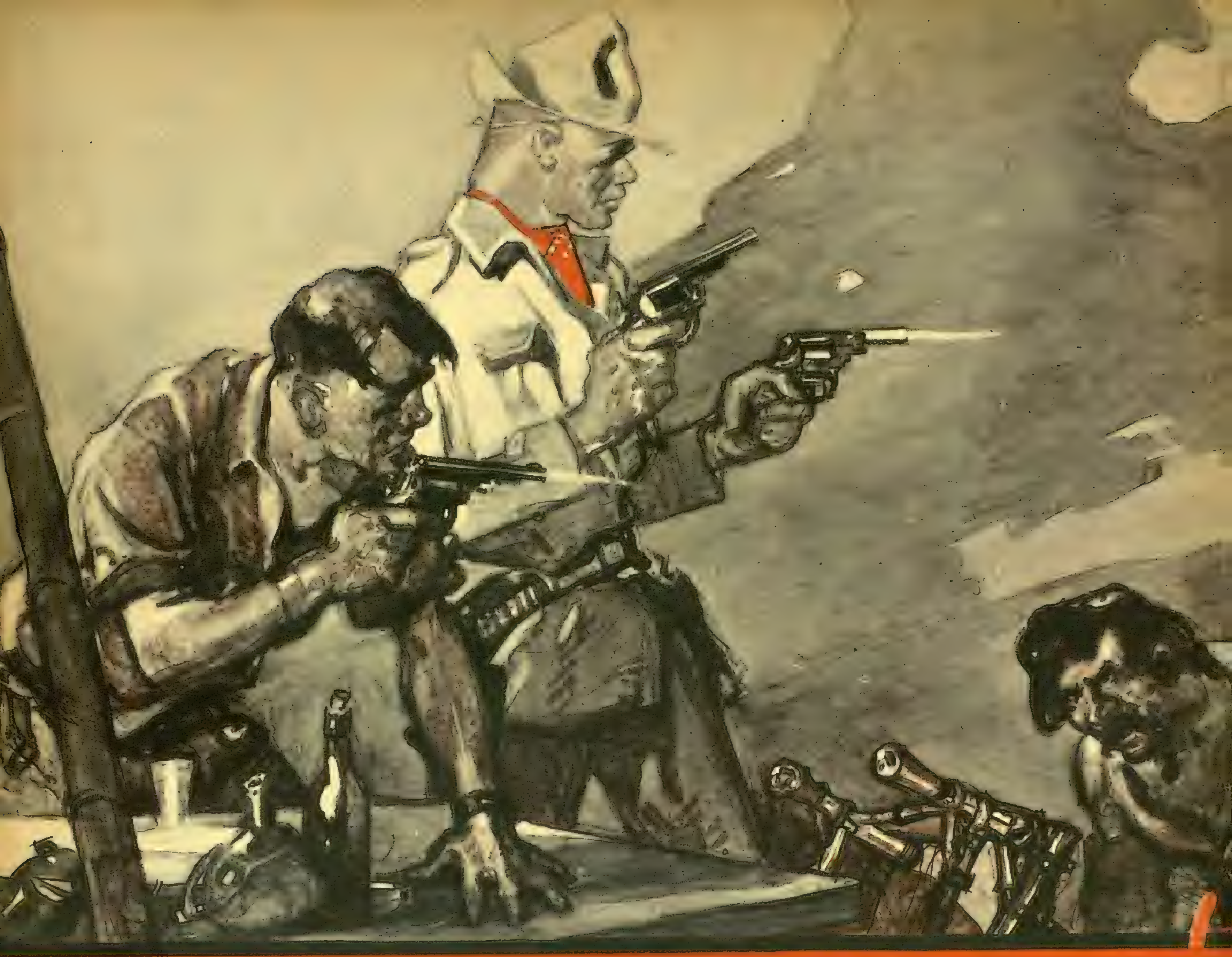
Only one man went on. He kept right on going, through the smoke, across the bridge, and into the trenches alone. One man against three thousand, going right in after them single-handed.

That was Sam Drebbin, a little fighting Russian Jew. He was one of my best friends later, but I didn't know him then. The first time I ever saw him he was going hotfoot across that bridge and out of sight into the trenches. Naturally we thought that was the last of him. But he killed some insurrectos, got into a corner, and was still there and fighting when we went in.

IT was a hot battle, and when it was over there were a lot of dead. And back a few yards, in a ditch away from the others, we found Johnson.

He was shot all to pieces, dying, but he was still conscious, and his wife was there. He was lying with his head in her lap. A doctor came up and said:

"I can do nothing for you. You will be dead in a few minutes. Is there any message you want to send to your



folks back home? If there is, give it to me now."

Johnson just shook his head, and he died there a few minutes later.

We buried him. The girl, his wife, stood there watching till it was done and then she went away. And this is the strange part of the story:

Some months later a lawyer came from the States with letters from the War Department, and he stayed in the Islands a long time, looking up all the men who had been in that fight. He came north into the mountains to look me up, and what he wanted to find was the spot where Johnson had been buried.

We had buried hundreds, but Sergeant Jimmy Hicks Leach and I thought we could perhaps find Johnson's body. We were given special leave for the purpose and we came down through Manila to Cavite Viejo with the lawyer, and found the place. He had some laborers dig down there, and they found what was left of Johnson's body and he identified it by bones and teeth.

He had those bones put into a solid copper casket and shipped back to the States. But he never gave any explanations to anyone nearer than Washington.

All he said was that Johnson's name was not Johnson, and that he came from a wealthy and influential family at home. That was plain enough, without his telling us.

He never told who Johnson was, and I never knew. And I don't know what became of the girl, his wife. So far as I know she was never seen or heard of after that day when Johnson died with his head in her lap.

ALL along the Manila and Dagupan Railroad we were driving Aguinaldo's forces northward inch by inch. The Scouts were sent up that line.

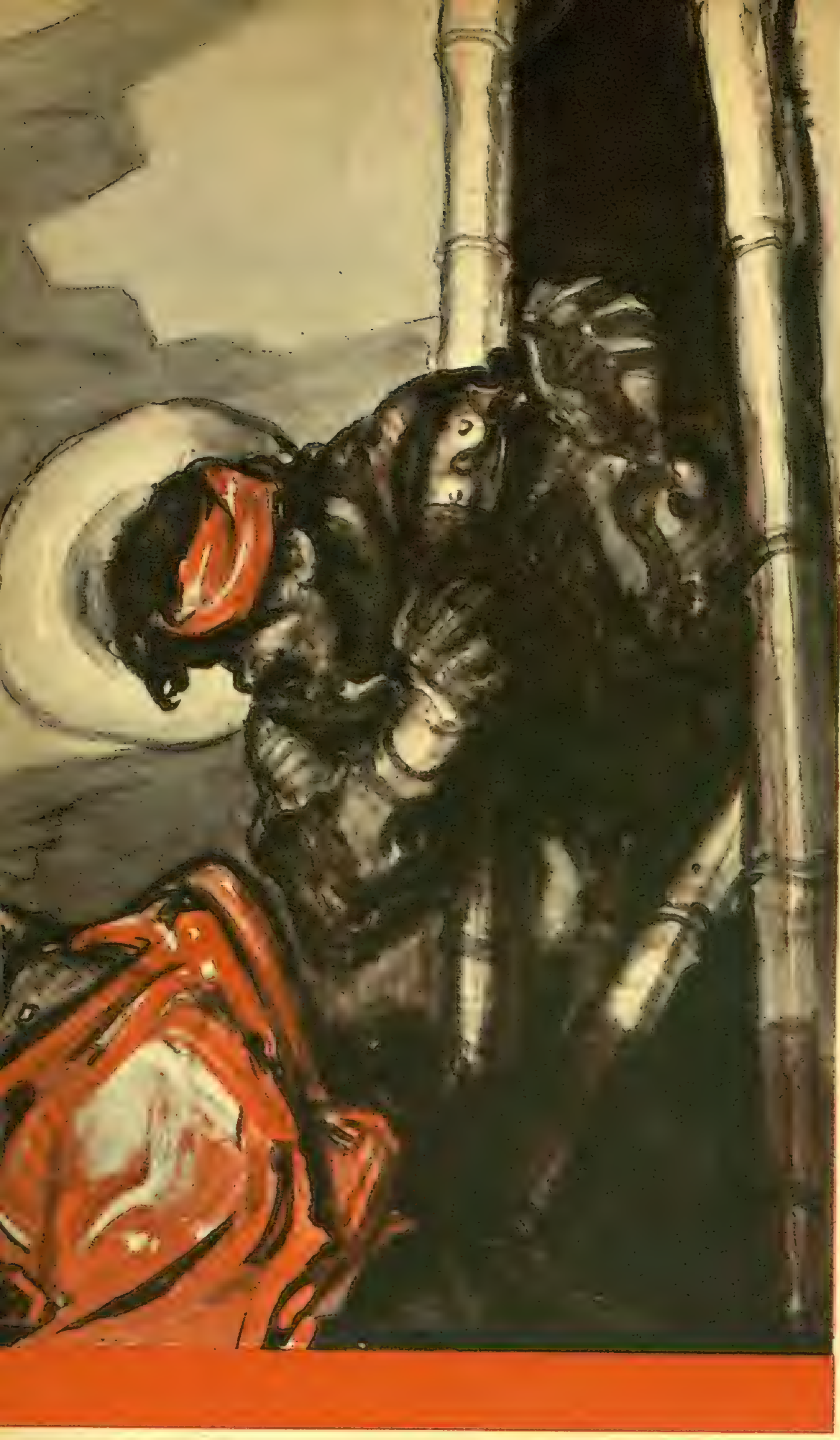
North of a town named Angeles is the wide Pampanga River, and the insurrectos held the other side of it. They had blown up a section of the long iron bridge, but our engineers had put in some planks on which we could cross. Our forces were on the river bank, firing on the insurrectos, and when we were ready to cross the river five or six scouts were sent ahead.

We went out on the bridge at a double-quick, but we were not much disturbed because the insurrecto fire had died down. There were only scattering shots.

We were out on the bridge when I caught sight of three insurrectos running along beneath it. They were under cover and I had only a glimpse of them. We came on, and I looked down at the place where they had been, and I saw a case of dynamite set against the abutment of the bridge. So I clambered down to get at it.

The fuse was burning. There was enough dynamite there to blow up the Woolworth Building. Our troops were already starting across. I reached for my knife quick, to cut off the fuse, and suddenly I realized that I didn't have a knife.

I didn't know what to do. My mind scattered and went all ways at once. I was afraid to jerk out the fuse, for the slightest jar will set off those delicate caps. I couldn't run away; there wasn't time to climb that abutment. There wasn't time to do anything. It was a matter of seconds before everything would blow up. In



I shot across the table and down he went. His gang was outside. Paddy Walsh backed in, shooting, just in front of their rush.

desperation I fell on my stomach and bit the fuse.

It burned my mouth. The fire was running up inside it. I jammed my face against that case of dynamite and chewed as fast as I could. I certainly was scared. It was a tough fuse, about as big as a pencil. When I chewed down into that fire I knew I was done for, but I kept right on chewing.

Finally I chewed off the last of the fire. It couldn't have taken a minute, but it felt like a hundred years. There was only a little stub of dead fuse left, and my mouth was badly burned.

OUR commanding officer in that battle was General Loyd Wheaton, an old Civil War veteran. His name was on the recommendation for my Medal of Honor, which I never got. But I didn't deserve any credit for what I did that day. I chewed because I had to. Anybody with good teeth would have done the same in my place.

We were making a big drive up from San Fernando, trying to surround Aguinaldo's army. My detachment of Scouts was with an outfit that went in from Angeles through the mountains, and we did some terrific mountain climbing up through the jungles.

The plan was to encircle Aguinaldo, and we very nearly got him. But not quite. They blocked our advance long enough to make another retreat.

After the battle of Tilad Pass our outfit went over the mountains to take the town of Bayombong, near the head of the Cagayan valley. When the town had surrendered Castner came up and asked for a volunteer to take a message back across the mountains. I grabbed up something to eat and started out again with only a couple of native scouts.

About midnight we were going single file along a trail, when I saw a little flicker of fire below us on the mountain side. Two or three men were lying down near it, and one was sitting up. I saw the shape of an American soldier hat on his head, but that might not mean anything. I slipped in cautiously until I was close enough to be sure that the men were some of our Negro soldiers, and then I hailed them.

They grabbed their guns and

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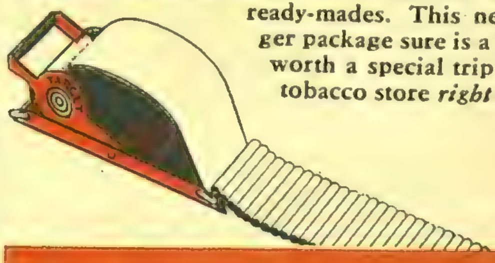


THEY LOOK LIKE READY-MADES
and TASTE BETTER

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

flopped under cover in a ditch. One of them called out:

"Who is it?"

"American soldier with two gu-gus."

"What's an American soldier doing with gu-gus?"

"Scouts."

"You walk in slow with your hands up."

They had me covered. I stuck up my hands and started in. One of them yelled:

"Halt! Wait a minute. You come in whistling, so we'll know where you are."

I could hear them pumping cartridges into their guns. A scared Negro with a gun is bad business; he will always shoot first and investigate afterward. I tried to whistle and couldn't make a sound. I was too scared.

"I can't whistle."

"Sing then, damn you! Sing!"

I tried to think of a song. My head was an absolute emptiness. I couldn't remember ever even hearing a song. All I knew was that in one second those four rifles would be firing at me point-blank. All of a sudden my mouth opened and I walked into that camp singing:

"'You be my sweetheart and I will be thine.'"

They were four Negro soldiers who had got on the wrong trail. They had been lost more than a week and were starving. They did not even know where to find water.

I took them down to a spring not far away. We had some corned beef and rice, and we cooked up a feed for them, and I told them how to reach San Nicolas. They were so grateful they almost cried, and the sergeant took a piece of paper, cut it into five pieces, and wrote on each one, "Camp Starvation," with the date and our names. We were to keep these pieces of paper as a memento, and I took mine to please him, but of course I lost it in a day or two.

Years later I was trying to get home from San Francisco to my family in Chicago. My baggage and my money had been stolen. I was broke, hungry, beating my way on trains and trying to get work. The train I was riding stopped in Cheyenne, and I got off and went into a little restaurant. I had exactly ten cents.

When I came in the waiter let out a yell and dashed like a madman into the kitchen. He came back with a little piece of paper.

"Remember this? Remember this? You saved our lives."

It was one of the slips of paper with "Camp Starvation" on them. He would not let me pay for anything. He served me a big meal, and he packed up an enormous bag of sandwiches for me, and he would not take one penny.

A TRAGIC thing had happened in that hike over the mountains to take Bayombong. The commanding officer of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, Negro soldiers, was going insane. All his man hated him, but his meanness was probably not his fault, because only a month later he became violently crazy and for years he was shut up in an asylum.

On the march to Bayombong, one of his men collapsed. The man's name was Fagan. He had a bad case of malaria, the most exhausting disease in the world, and he couldn't go any farther; he collapsed on the trail.

The C. O. ordered him to get up, but he couldn't, and he asked to be allowed to rest there on the ground a few minutes. He had been a soldier for years and had a good record. All the men knew he wasn't shamming, but of course they could say nothing. The other officers tried to intercede for him, but the C. O. went into one of his rages, abused Fagan, took his arms away from him, and marched off and left him lying there alone.

Fagan was a high-yellow, with a lot of white blood in him. He was left lying there like a dog, unable to go on, disarmed. Everybody knew that a small body of insurrectos was trailing the battalion. Fagan lay there a couple of hours—plenty of time to think it over. He had a high fever, and he had not even been left near a spring where he could crawl to water.

Then the gu-gus came along, and found him lying there helpless. They gave him water, made a litter and carried him along with them, and took care of him. He got better, and for a year and a half that man Fagan was the worst enemy we had to contend with. He killed any number of our men, and finally he organized a gang of his own. His favorite stunt was lying in ambush and wiping out wagon trains. Another was killing our sentries. He hated any man who wore an American uniform, and I never heard of his taking a prisoner. He killed the wounded.

There was a big reward offered for his capture dead or alive, and he did not have a friend in the Islands. The natives sent us word whenever they saw him, and Aguinaldo had outfits chasing him too. Suddenly all trace of him vanished. For months nothing was heard of him. He had worked his way up into the mountains of Ilocos Norte, among the head-hunting Igorrotes, and there he disappeared.

One day nine or ten Igorrotes came in, bringing his head wrapped up in matting, and demanded the reward.

No one knows how Fagan died. But the head was his.

FOLLOWING the surrender of Bayombong I was stuck for a while in a little camp outside San Nicolas. Meanwhile my outfit had gone up from Bayombong into some fighting around Aparri. The gunboat Helena brought them down to Vigan, the capital of Ilocos Sur, and we went up and joined them there.

Vigan is to my mind the most beautiful city in the Islands. It is an old city of about 18,000 population, and for more than three centuries it had been noted as an educational center. It was sadly changed after we took possession. It was brigade headquarters; two thousand soldiers were quartered there. All the riffraff and criminals of the Orient came in with us. They had flocked into Manila, until they made conditions so bad there that the army drove them out, and then they came up to Vigan—gamblers, thieves, cutthroats, women. That quiet center of Spanish-Filipino culture became a wide-open, roaring town, the toughest town in the Islands.

A famous bad man, a renegade white, had come in, and he ran the town. With his organizing energy, conditions got so bad that General Young sent for Lieutenant Castner and told him that the Scouts would take the job of policing Vigan.

There were about forty of us, and Lieutenant Castner told us:

"Go right in and treat them rough. Show that crowd that they can't run over us. Try to establish some law and order here."

So the Scouts went in to clear up Vigan. We were a kind of unofficial police force.

One night a little soldier was beaten up and robbed. He identified the fellow who had done it, so I went into one of the joints and arrested him. He tried to hit me and I cracked him over the head with my six-shooter and put him in jail.

He was a crony of Renegade Jack, and three or four men brought me word that Jack was out to get me. He was getting drunk around the town and word of his progress was brought me from time to time. I decided to hunt a safe spot.

Down by the river a native had a little nipa-thatched hut where he sold very good fried fish. I went down there and ordered some.

It was a hot night, and sitting at the table I unbuckled my belt and laid it and my six-shooter beside me on the bench. The door was open in front of me and I was sitting there peacefully eating fish when Jack stepped into that doorway and said:

"You son of a ——!" And he fired at me.

The bullet went into the wall behind where I'd been, and I shot across the table and down he went. His gang was outside. I heard them yelling and coming, and a little native pony slid on its haunches in front of that door. Paddy Walsh jumped off it and backed in, shooting, just in front of their rush.

Paddy was an old-time Western character, an Indian scout, about forty years old. He'd heard in town that Jack was coming down after me, and he jumped on some native's pony and beat them to it. If he hadn't, they'd have got me sure. . . .

I will never forget the American girl I brought up from Candon to Vigan. We had been paid that day in

Candon, and that night the lid was off. I was in one of the biggest saloons, everybody was drunk and whooping it up, and a soldier came in and told me an American woman was out in the street, wanting to see me.

I thought he was kidding. But finally I went out, and there she was.

She was a good-looking girl, about twenty-five, dressed all in brown. She looked scared but determined.

She said, " I hear you are going up to Vigan in the morning. I want to go with you."

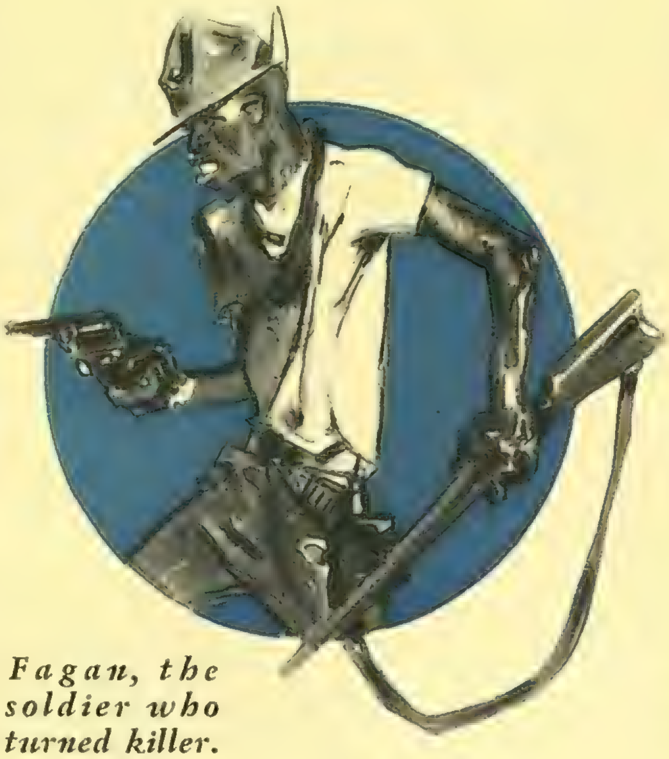
I said, " I'm sorry, but that is impossible. It is a very hard two-day hike and you couldn't stand it. Anyway, I cannot take anybody without orders from the commanding officer."

She was impatient, and said, " That is what everybody tells me."

She told me she was a school-teacher. The government was sending over about a thousand school-teachers; six hundred of them had come over on a transport the year before. She was engaged to a teacher who had come out then. He was stationed in Vigan, and she had come out to marry him and to teach. The wedding date had been set months before, and she had come all the way from the States to be in Vigan on that date. At Manila she had transferred to one of the little tramp steamers coming up that coast, and by some mistake she had been put ashore at Candon. There would not be another boat for two weeks, and unless she could get to Vigan by land she would be late for her wedding.

I asked her the name of the man she was going to marry, and she told me.

He was one of the dirtiest pups ever born. Once he had been a soldier, but he had come out to the Islands as a school-teacher, and been fired months before. He was hanging around the dives of Vigan, making a living as a professional gambler and drinking and fighting. No decent man would have anything to do with him. He was living with a native woman.


Fagan, the soldier who turned killer.

I tried to talk the girl out of going with us. Finally I told her positively that it could not be done.

Next morning about dawn we started. We got about seven miles out of town, and there she was, waiting for us beside the road. She said:

" I'm going through to Vigan with you, or I'm going alone."

" Well," I said, " if you feel that strongly about it, we will take you."

SHE was a typical Gibson girl—big pompadour, tight corsets, long skirts that she had to hold up out of the dust, and a big picture hat. We hiked all that day in the heat. It was terribly hard on her. I tried putting her on one of the ponies, but that was as hard for her as walking. How she kept up with us I don't know, but she did it.

We camped that night beside the road. We fixed up a little shelter for her and took care of her. Next morning at dawn we started on again, and it was dark before we got into Vigan that night.

She began talking about meeting the man she was to marry. I told her I would take her to the hospital, where some American nurses had arrived a few days before. I said I couldn't take her anywhere else until I had reported to the C. O. in Vigan.

But she insisted we must go by this man's house and stop just long enough to tell him that she was there in time for the wedding.

I tried to talk her out of it, but she said if I took her to the hospital she would go right out and find the man herself.

So I took her down a little side street to his shack. It was a dirty little native shack set up on stilts, four or five feet from the ground. Right in front of us was a lighted window. This fellow was sitting there at a table, drunk, with a bottle on the table and his arm around his native girl.

The American girl walked through the hedge of flowers around the shack and saw this—and this was what she had come seven thousand miles for.

She gave a kind of gasp, and he looked down and saw her. It was as though he saw a ghost. He tried to get to his feet, and staggered, and the girl turned and caught my arm and said:

" Take me to the hospital."

There wasn't anything I could do but walk along beside her and see that she got a place to stay.

Next day that fellow came to the hospital and tried to see her, but she wouldn't let him. She wouldn't have anything to do with him. She was there on a job, she had to go to teaching, but she applied for a transfer to Manila, and as soon as it came she left Vigan.

THE fellow hung around a while, drinking worse than ever, and in one of his stupors he wandered out with his native girl among the insurrectos. We heard of him now and then out there. He didn't fire on American soldiers, but he had gone native—dirty, barefooted, gone to the dogs.

Sergeant Dolan told me the end of it. Dolan was going down to Candon another time with a paymaster's guard, and the insurrectos ambushed him. This worthless fellow was with them. They were hidden on both sides of the road and Dolan was marching into the trap, when suddenly this fellow jumped up and yelled:

" Look out! Gu-gus! " The insurrectos filled him with bullets. Dolan's men jumped for cover and the fight started.

When it was over, they found him. He had a dozen bullets in him, one through the lungs, and his jaw was smashed by a bullet. They recognized him, and he had saved their lives, and they tried to talk to him. He couldn't speak with his broken jaw. They gave him a pencil and an old envelope and told him to write any message he wanted sent to anybody. He tried to write, but didn't have the strength. He was going fast.

Then Dolan noticed what he was doing with the pencil. He and Dolan had both been soldiers in the old army. In those days the army used the wigwag system with one flag. With the pencil he was wigwagging in that old code. Dolan got it, and told him to go ahead.

He asked where the girl was. They told him she had gone to Manila. He said:

" Don't tell her about this."

I suppose he didn't want her to get any romantic idea he was a hero. He was no good, and he knew it.

Dolan asked him if he wanted to send any message, and he spelled out, " Go to hell," and dropped the pencil and died. . . .

I saw some picturesque fighting around Santa Maria, a lovely little town south of Vigan. We were fighting two insurrecto leaders, brothers, named Juan and Blas Villamor, and two brothers named Cornelius, who were bandits. The Villamors were fine fellows and gentlemen. But the two bandits Cornelius were bad hombres. They were of some mixed breed; the natives said they had Chinese blood. One of them had been a priest, but for some reason he was unfrocked, and then he and his brother became bandits.

It happened that I spotted and arrested the brother who had been a priest, as he was passing a patrol of ours with a priest's gown over his uniform.

He was locked up in a room on the top floor of the old convent building we were using as headquarters. Detected in exchanging signals with some natives outside, he suddenly jumped out the window. His leg tripped on a waterspout, and when we picked him up he was dead, his neck broken.

Not long after this his brother caught me one evening alone and unarmed.

It happened because I had become quite fond of a girl in Santa Maria. Her name was Appolonia and she was the vice president's sister. The vice president was a fine fellow and we had become good friends. He often invited me to his house and I liked the whole family. They were charming and cultured people, as the upper-class Filipinos always are. I spent most of my free time with them. In the evenings we used to sit in the patio and Appolonia played the harp. She was a lovely girl, two years younger than I was, and I was twenty.

One evening there was to be a dance at the home of one of her friends, about two miles in the country. It was against orders for us to leave the town, but Appolonia said I might escort her to this dance.

Her parents and brothers and aunts, of course, went with us. But Appolonia and I walked down the road together. It was a perfect moonlit night.

Forty or fifty guests were at the dance when we arrived. Our host came to meet us at the door. I had taken off my uniform and was wearing white, as we always did when we could, and I had on my belt and six-shooter. I did not want to be parading around at an evening party with a six-shooter on, so I asked him where I could put it. He took me into his bedroom and I stuck the gun under a pillow on his bed. Then we came out and he presented me to the few guests I did not know.

For an hour or so I had a fine time. Then suddenly four or five men in insurrecto uniform appeared in the doorway. They were all armed with pistols and bolos and machetes, and their leader was the surviving Captain Cornelius.

His eye caught mine. I knew he knew that I had arrested his brother and so was really responsible for his death.

I was sitting by an open window. I glanced out, and the courtyard was full of armed men—forty or fifty of them. There was no escape that way. I didn't dare make a move to get my gun. I beckoned to Appolonia and whispered to her to slip into the bedroom and get it. She would not do it. She said, " If you make a move, you will be killed."

" Is there any way I can get out of this house? "

" No."

Captain Cornelius and his officers were going around, shaking hands with the guests and stopping a minute to speak to each one. After that one look in his eye, apparently he paid no attention to me. I couldn't do anything but wait. It was up to him.

Finally he came to me and I stood up. He said:

" I am not going to shake hands with you, Texan. You know why. I suppose you are wondering why I do not take you prisoner. You are a guest in the house of my friend. As such, you are safe. But this is not our last meeting. When we meet on the road, that will be a different story."

HE said this in Spanish. He bowed, and I bowed. Then he went on. He stayed there about half an hour, took a glass of wine, danced with the hostess. Then he went out with his men and hiked off in the night.

Good times must end, and so did that party. It would have suited me if it had lasted till morning. I had to go back to headquarters, two miles, and what he had said about meeting me on the road was in my mind. I thought he was out there waiting for me, and so did everybody else. None of the men would walk with me.

Only Appolonia was game. I could not chase her away. She walked right along beside me all the way to town.

I walked that two miles with my gun in my hand, watching every shadow and shying at every bush. Every instant I expected a bullet. Appolonia was scared too, but she walked along as serenely as if nothing could happen. And nothing did.

Not long afterward Captain Cornelius was captured in his sleep. Eventually he was tried for the murder of two teamsters and was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

I got up to Vigan one day, went to see him in the jail, and asked if there was anything I could do for him. He said, " Thank you, no." But I got him some wine and cigarettes that I found out he wanted. And a couple of weeks later he was hanged. . . .

One day a Filipino who worked for me came to me and said, " Sergeant, I have had a warning."

I saw he was scared, but I thought he had had a dream or something. I said:

" Warning of what? "

" A warning from the Katipunan. To stop working for Americans."

The Katipunan was the secret organization that had started the revolution against Spain. It had now degenerated into a kind of Black Hand, but it no longer amounted to much and had done nothing in that district. I didn't take this man's warning seriously.

One night rather late I was coming back to headquarters after a call on Appolonia. It was a walk of only a few hundred yards in the town and I was not armed. Everyone was asleep, not a soul in the streets, and the moon was almost as clear as daylight.

One of our little native scouts named Fernando came along. I said hello to him, and he fell in a few paces behind me. We were walking along in the silent town, when suddenly I heard the most hellish scream.

I RAN around a corner, and there was a man chopping my workman to pieces with a bolo. I ran right up to them before I realized what it was.

The murderer lifted up the bolo and came for me. His face was plain in the moonlight and I will never forget how he looked. I didn't know what to do; I couldn't run away; I didn't have a weapon of any kind.

The bolo wasn't a yard from me when, just like a football player, little Fernando ducked in, tackled that fellow around the knees, and threw him. The bolo slashed his shoulders. I ran in and kicked the murderer in the head.

Fernando and I took him in and he was hanged. I have the bolo yet. It is a peculiar weapon, hammered out of a wagon tire, with a homemade wooden handle.

All this time we were fighting Juan Villamor, and for a while I was stationed at Santa, a little town thirteen miles out of Vigan. Seven miles up the river the mountains rise sheer out of the plain and the road goes up to Bangued through a cañon called San Quentin Pass. The insurrectos had dug trenches there.

For months there had been no sign of insurrectos in that vicinity, but San Quentin Pass was a perfect trap for our patrols. Juan Villamor moved quietly into those trenches with three hundred men and lay in wait for us.

We came hiking up the narrow pass, three white men and twenty-five native scouts. There was a shot, then a little scattering fire from nine or ten rifles. I don't know whether our lieutenant was scared or only rattled. He wheeled his horse and said:

" O'Reilly, you hold them. I'll bring reënforcements." And he galloped hell bent for leather down that cañon, thus abandoning his men under fire.

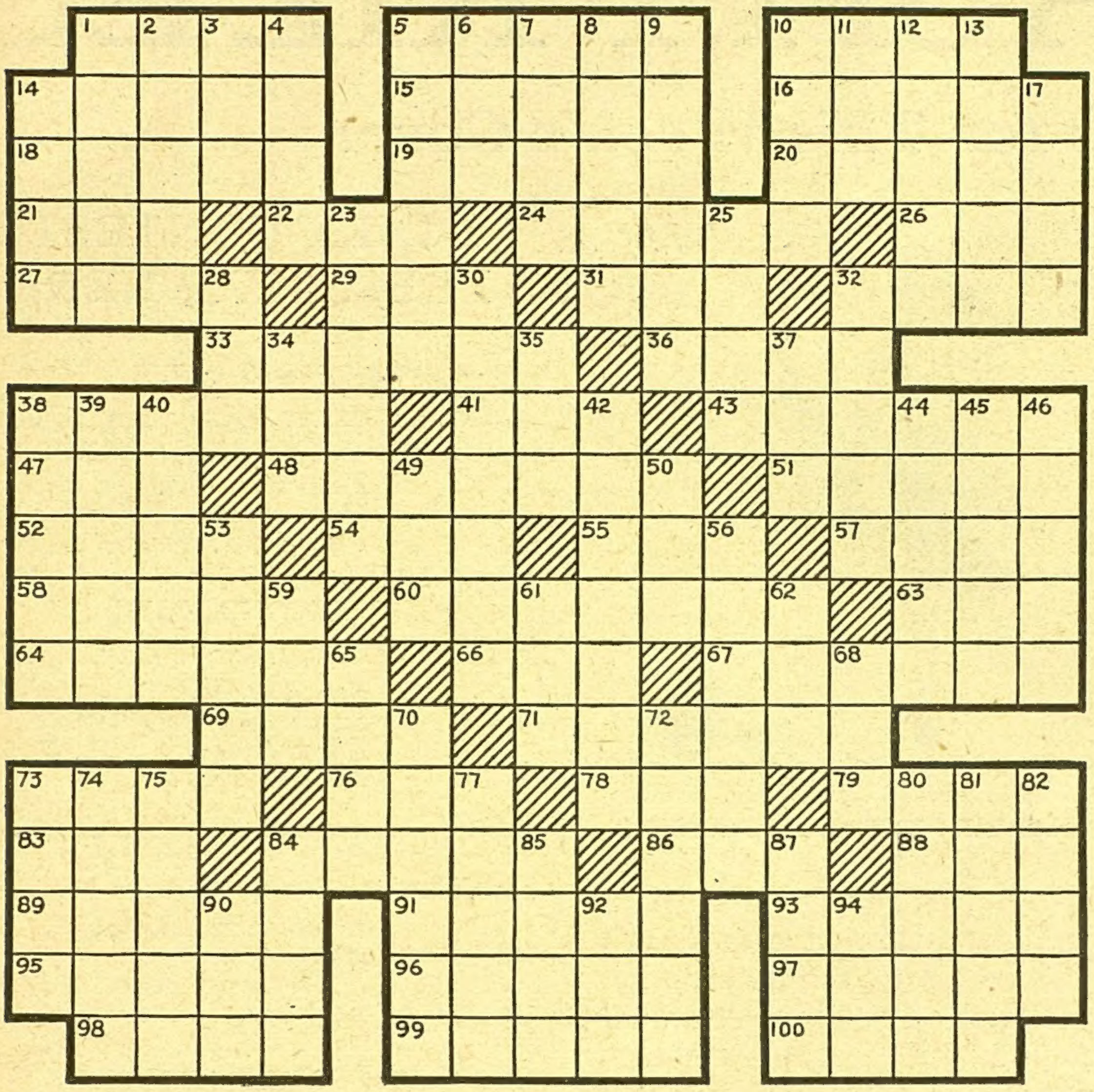
I was left in charge. There had been only a dozen shots and I thought the scrap wouldn't amount to much. We were on foot; the lieutenant had been the only mounted man. Duncan, a young cowboy from Dakota, was with me, and I told him to take thirteen men and go up one side of the cañon while I took twelve and went up the other side. My idea was to surround the little bunch of insurrectos. I didn't know Villamor was there with three hundred men.

When I got up the hill I saw that we were up against it pretty hot. Just as I came to the top a little Filipino kid rose up from behind a rock and shot me point-blank.

The breath-taking climax of the story of this death trap, as Tex has lived to tell it, will start off next week's installment of Born to Raise Hell, in which he will tell also of an even narrower and more sensational escape with his life in China during the Boxer Rebellion, and of his adventures as a member of a Korean bodyguard that defied the Great Powers of Europe, as bouncer in a Chinese theater, and as a Shanghai policeman.

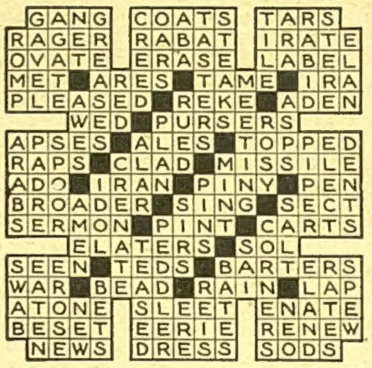
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A pace
5 A European capital
10 A pitcher
14 Platform
15 Worship
16 Suffered illness
18 Part of intestine
19 Wanderer
20 Condition
21 Form of to be
22 Japanese fish
24 Growing out
26 A soft lustrous metal
27 Woman's nickname
29 Horse
31 Prefix, meaning upon
32 Dispatched
33 Woman's name
36 To raise aloft
38 That which is overdue for payment
41 Brood of pheasants (obsolete)
43 Deceptive women
47 Born
48 Utters indistinctly
51 Shaped like a tore
52 Clever
54 Wire measure
55 Riotous assembly
57 A panel
58 All, taken severally
60 Deserved
63 Japanese coin
64 Succession of things
66 Go rapidly
67 Most recent
69 At the highest point
71 Came to be
73 Miss of attaining
76 Plump
78 Rested
79 A fish
83 Beard, as of grain
84 Walk pompously
86 Mound
88 Forbid
89 Light boat
91 Astonish
93 Awn
95 Negotiate with
96 Partaker of a meal
97 Diminishes
98 Strays
99 Margins
100 To restore



GANG COATS TARS
RAGER RABAT IRATE
OVATE ERASE LABEL
MET ARES TAME IRA
PLEASED REKE ADEN
WED PURSERS
APSES ALES TOPPED
RAPS CLAD MISSILE
ADO IRAN PINY PEN
BROADER SING SECT
SERMON PINT CARTS
ELATERS SOL
SEEN TEDS BARTERS
WAR BEAD RAIN LAP
ATONE SLEET ENATE
BESET EERIE RENEW
NEWS DRESS SODS

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Shop
2 Narratives
3 Self
4 Shut up
5 An outcast
6 Bustle
7 Ramble
8 Woman's name
9 Celestial being
10 Relieve of tension
11 Humor
12 Puff up
13 Replate with a soft metal
14 An incrustation
17 Small hollow
23 A cavity (anatomy)
25 Binds
28 Comprehend
30 More tractable
32 Sharpening device
34 Man's nickname
35 Cereal grass
37 Proper
38 South American mountain range
39 Female sandpiper
40 Allude
42 Stoats
44 Blot out
45 Baseball teams
46 Odor
49 Man's nickname
50 Inebriate
53 A test
56 To delay
59 Although
61 Polish by friction
62 To obstruct
65 Yielding
68 Spread for drying
70 Formal display
72 Supplies food
73 An occurrence
74 Cognizant
75 Internal
77 Swollen
80 Lessen
81 Mark to indicate insertion
82 Extremities
84 Puts in place
85 A strong or offensive taste
87 Recedes
90 Propeller
92 A letter
94 Consume

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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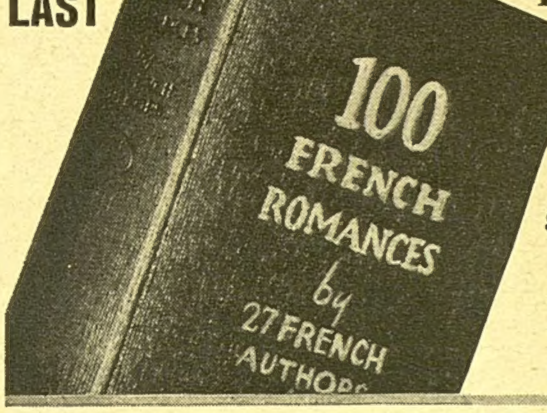
FREEZONE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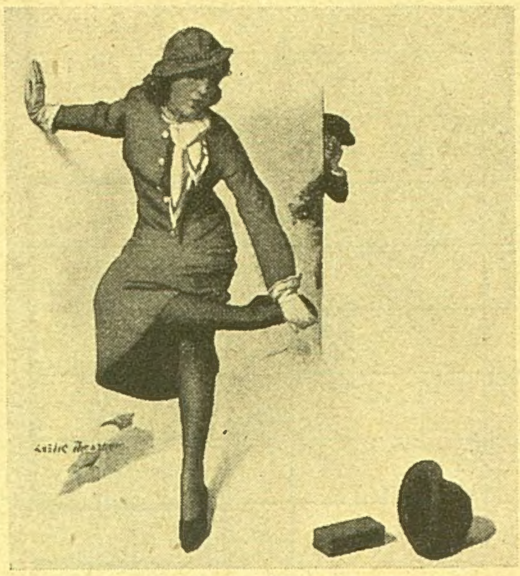

NAME THIS PICTURE AND SHARE IN THE CASH AWARDS

AGAIN Liberty offers a series of cash prizes for the best titles submitted for this week's cover illustration in accordance with the contest rules. For your convenience the illustration is reproduced above with all lettering deleted. Use this reproduction in making up your title. The schedule of prizes below shows the amounts of the sixty-four awards, which total $250. Your chance to win is excellent. Make the most of it! There's no time like the present, and there's no present like a prize check! Win one this week and know the thrill of competitive success.

As explained in the rules, your name, caption, or title for the picture may be from one to ten words inclusive. That gives you wide latitude. Don't overlook the short statement that the rules require. If you have read this issue as carefully as most people, that will prove easy enough. We want your opinion, regardless of its nature.

And, as a word of caution, we suggest that you make sure your name and address are plainly readable on your entry. Carelessness on this point may cause you to miss an award that might otherwise be yours.

TITLE CONTEST
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	**$50**
Second Prize	**25**
Third Prize	**15**
Fourth Prize	**10**
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	**50**
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	**100**
Total Prize Money	**$250**

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be of not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what in this week's issue of Liberty appeals to you most.

The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest closes Monday, April 17.

ANOTHER $250 CONTEST NEXT WEEK

DINKY CONTEST FEB. 25 WINNERS

$50 FIRST PRIZE

George Blant, Charleston, S. C.

Lawn mower,
People borrow.
Here today,
Gone tomorrow.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

S. A. Frazer, Atlantic City, N. J.

Saved money,
Felt swell.
Bank closed.
Thrift? Hell!

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Mrs. Erlinda O. Ortiz, Santa Fe, N. M.

Wrote sweetheart,
Also wife.
Mixed envelopes.
Lost life.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

Al Jameson, Minneapolis, Minn.

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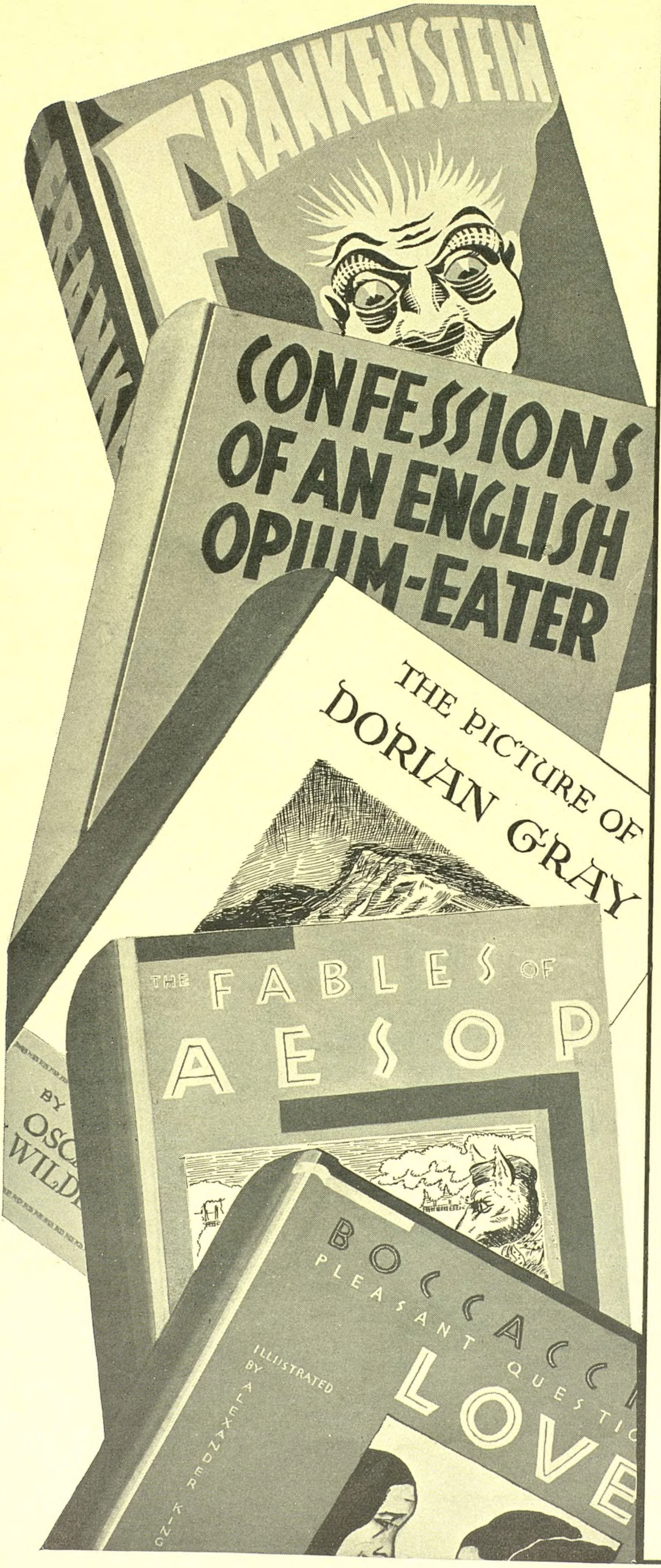

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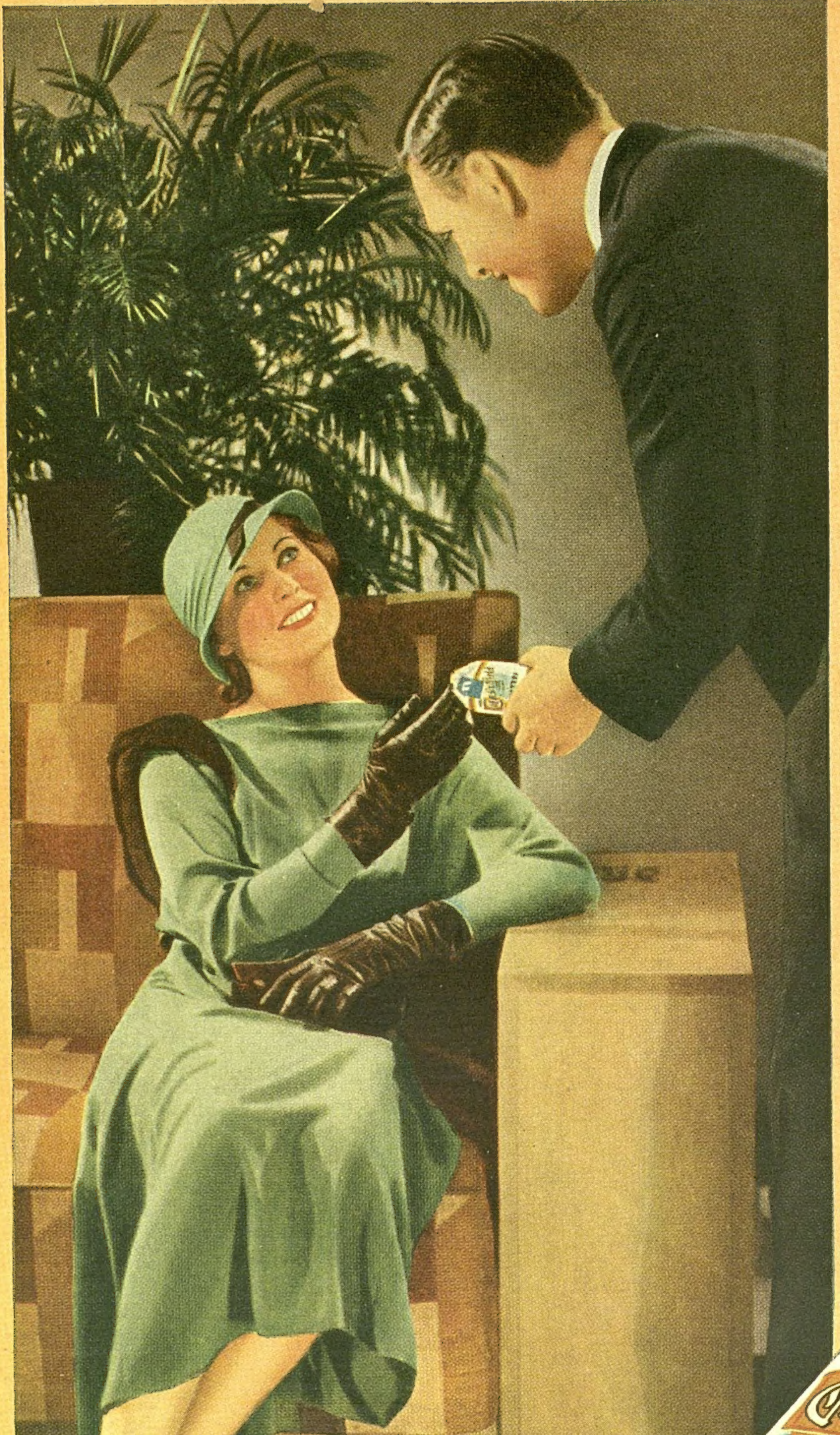

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